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A COLLECTION OF HYMNS FOR SOCIAL WORSHIP,

H. Gauntlett

More particularly design'd for the Use of the TABERNACLE CONGREGATION, in LONDON.

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Late of Pembroke College, Oxford, and Chaplain to the Rt. Hon. the Countess of Huntingdon.

Sing ye Praises with Understanding. Ps. xlvii. 7.

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THE

PREFACE.

COURTEOUS READER,

IF thou art acquainted with the Divine Life, I need not inform thee that altho' all the Acts and Exercises of Devotion are sweet and delightful, yet we never resemble the Blessed Worshippers above more than when we are joining together in public Devotions, and, with Hearts and Lips unfeigned, singing Praises to him who sitteth upon the Throne for ever.—Consequently, Hymns composed for such a Purpose ought to abound much in Thanksgiving, and to be of such a Nature, that all who attend may join in them without being obliged to sing Lies, or not sing at all.—Upon this Plan the following Collection of Hymns is founded:—They are intended purely for social Worship, and so altered in some Particulars, that I think all may safely concur in using them.—They are short, because I think three or four Stanzas, with a Doxology, are sufficient to be sung at one Time.—I am no great Friend to long Sermons, long Prayers, or long Hymns.—They generally weary instead of edifying, and therefore

I think should be avoided by those who preside in any public Worshipping Assembly.—Besides, as the Generality of those who receive the Gospel are commonly the Poor of the Flock, I have studied Cheapness, as well as Conciseness.—Much in a little is what God gives us in his Word—And the more we imitate such a Method in our public Performances and Devotions, the nearer we come up to the Pattern given us in the Mount.—I think myself justifiable in publishing some Hymns by way of Dialogue for the use of the Society, because something like it is practised in our Cathedral Churches; but much more so because the Celestial Choir is represented in the Book of the Revelations, as answering one another in their heav'nly Anthems.—That we all may be inspired and warmed with a like divine Fire whilst singing below, and be translated after Death to join with them in singing the Song of Moses and the Lamb above, is the earnest Prayer of, Courteous Reader,

Thy ready Servant, for Christ's Sake,

G. W.

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A HYMN to the HOLY GHOST.

Extracted from the Ordination-Office.

COME, Holy Ghoſt, our Souls inſpire,
And lighten with celeſtial Fire.
Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who doſt thy ſev'nfold Gifts impart.
Thy bleſſed Unction from above,
Is Comfort, Life, and Fire of Love:
Enable with perpetual Light,
The Dulneſs of our blinded Sight.
Anoint and chear our ſoiled Face
With the Abundance of thy Grace.
Keep far our Foes, give Peace at Home:
Where thou art Guide, no Ill can come.
Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee, of both to be but one;
That through the Ages all along,
This, this may be our endleſs Song;

Praiſe God, from whom all Bleſſings flow,
Praiſe him all Creatures here below;
Praiſe him above, ye heav'nly Hoſt,
Praiſe Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt.

HYMNS FOR Public Worſhip.

HYMN I.

At the Opening of WORSHIP.

NOW may the Spirit's Holy Fire,
Deſcending from above,
His waiting Family inſpire
With Joy and Peace and Love!

Thee we the Comforter confeſs;
Unleſs thou'rt preſent here,
Our Songs of Praiſe are vain Addreſs,
We utter heartleſs Pray'r.

Wake, heav'nly Wind, ariſe and come,
Blow on the drooping Field;
Our Spices then ſhall breathe Perfume,
And fragrant Incenſe yield.

Touch, with a living Coal, the Lip
That ſhall proclaim thy Word,
And bid each awful Hearer keep
Attention to the Lord.

Haſten the Reſtitution-Day,
Which now Corruption ſhrowds,
New Heavens and new Earth diſplay,
With Jeſus in the Clouds.

HYMN II.

The ſame.

FAR from our Thoughts, vain World, be gone,
Let our religious Hours alone:
Oh may our Eyes our Saviour ſee!
We wait a Viſit, Lord, from thee.

Oh warm our Hearts with Holy Fire,
And kindle there a pure Deſire:
Come, our Dear Jeſus, from above,
And feed our Souls with heav'nly Love.

Bleſt Jeſus, what delicious Fare!
How ſweet thy Entertainments are!
Never did Angels taſte above
Redeeming Grace and dying Love.

Hail, great Emmanuel, all Divine!
In thee thy Father's Glories ſhine:
Thou brighteſt, ſweeteſt, faireſt one,
That Eyes have ſeen or Angels known!

HYMN III.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

LORD, we come before thee now,
At thy Feet we humbly bow:
Oh! do not our Suit diſdain,
Shall we ſeek thee, Lord, in vain?

Lord,

Lord, on thee our Souls depend;
In Compaſſion now deſcend:
Fill our Hearts with thy rich Grace,
Tune our Lips to ſing thy Praiſe.

In thine own appointed Way,
Now we ſeek thee—here we ſtay;
Lord, we know not how to go
'Till a Bleſſing thou beſtow,
Send ſome Meſſage from thy Word,
That may Joy and Peace afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full Salvation to each Heart.

Comfort thoſe who weep and mourn
Let the Time of Joy return;
Thoſe that are caſt down lift up,
Make them ſtrong in Faith and Hope;
Grant that thoſe who ſeek may find
Thee a God ſincere and kind;
Heal the Sick, the Captive free,
Let us all rejoice in thee.

HYMN IV.

The ſame.

COME worſhip at Emmanuel's Feet,
See in his Face what Wonders meet:
Words are too feeble to expreſs
His Worth, his Glory, or his Grace.

When ſhall we climb thoſe higher Skies
Where Storms and Tempeſts never riſe;
Where he unveils his lovely Face,
And ſhines and reigns the God of Grace?

Nor Earth, nor Air, not Sun, nor Stars,
Nor Heaven, his full Reſemblance bears:
His Beauties we can never trace
'Till we behold him Face to Face.

HYMN V.

Invitation.

HIther ye poor, ye ſick, ye blind,
A ſin-diſorder'd trembling Throng;
To you the Goſpel calls, to you
Meſſiah's Bleſſings all belong.

Reaſon's and Virtue's boaſting Sons
Derive no Bleſſing from his Tree:
For Sinners only Jeſus dy'd,
Then ſure I hear he dy'd for me.

'Twas with our Griefs Meſſiah groan'd;
'Twas with our Guilt his Soul was try'd;
Our Puniſhment he took, he bore,
And Sinners liv'd when Jeſus dy'd.

Awake each Heart, ariſe each Soul,
And join the bliſsful Choirs above:
May nothing tune our future Song,
But heav'nly Wiſdom, heav'nly Love!

HYMN VI.

The ſame.

SInners, obey the GOSPEL-WORD,
Haſte to the Supper of our Lord;
Be wiſe to know your gracious Day,
All things are ready, come away!

Ready

Ready the Father is to own
And kiſs his late returning Son;
Ready the loving Saviour ſtands,
And ſpreads for you his bleeding Hands.

Ready the Spirit of his Love,
Juſt now the ſtony Heart to move;
T' apply and witneſs with the Blood,
And waſh and ſeal you Sons of God.

Ready for you the Angels wait,
To triumph in your bleſt Eſtate;
Tuning their Harps they long to praiſe
The Wonders of redeeming Grace.

Come then, ye Sinners, to your Lord,
To Happineſs in Chriſt reſtor'd;
His proffer'd Benefits embrace,
The Plenitude of GOSPEL-GRACE.

HYMN VII.

The ſame.

LET ev'ry mortal Ear attend,
And ev'ry Heart rejoice,
The Trumpet of the GOSPEL ſounds
With an inviting Voice.

Ho! all ye hungry ſtarving Souls,
That feed upon the Wind,
And vainly ſtrive with earthly Toys
To fill an empty Mind;

Eternal Wiſdom has prepar'd
A Soul-reviving Feaſt,
And bids your longing Appetites
The rich Proviſion taſte.

Ho! ye that pant for living Streams,
And pine away and die,
Here you may quench your raging Thirſt
With Springs that never dry.

Dear God, the Treaſures of thy Love
Are everlaſting Mines,
Deep as our helpleſs Mis'ries are,
And boundleſs as our Sins.

The happy Gates of GOSPEL-GRACE
Stand open Night and Day;
Lord, we are come to ſeek Supplies
And drive our Wants away.

HYMN VIII.

Thankſgiving.

BLeſs, O my Soul, the living God,
Call home thy Thoughts that rove abroad;
Let all the Pow'rs within me join
In Work and Worſhip ſo divine.

Bleſs, O my Soul, the God of Grace;
His Favours claim thy higheſt Praiſe:
Why ſhould the Wonders he hath wrought
Be loſt in Silence and forgot?

'Tis he, my Soul, that ſent his Son
To die for Crimes which thou haſt done;
He owns the Ranſom, and forgives
The hourly Follies of our Lives.

Our Youth decay'd, his Pow'r repairs;
His Mercy crowns our growing Years:

He ſatisfies our Mouth with Good,
And fills our Hopes with heav'nly Food.

Let the whole Earth his Power confeſs,
Let the whole Earth adore his Grace;
The Gentile with the Jew ſhall join
In Work and Worſhip ſo divine.

HYMN IX.

The ſame.

MY Soul, repeat his Praiſe,
Whoſe Mercies are ſo great;
Whoſe Anger is ſo ſlow to riſe,
So ready to abate.

High as the Heav'ns are rais'd
Above the Ground we tread,
So far the Riches of his Grace;
Our higheſt Thoughts exceed.
The Pity of the Lord,
To thoſe that fear his Name,
Is ſuch as tender Parents feel:
He knows our feeble Frame.

Our Days are as the Graſs,
Or like the Morning Flower;
If one ſharp Blaſt ſweep o'er the Field,
It withers in an Hour.

But thy Compaſſions, Lord,
To endleſs Years endure;
And Children's Children ever find
Thy Words of Promiſe ſure.

HYMN X.

God's Goodneſs to his People.

THE Lord ſupplies his People's Need,
Jehovah is his Name;
In Paſtures freſh he makes them feed
Beſide the living Stream.

He brings their wand'ring Spirits back,
When they forſake his Ways,
And leads them, for his Mercy's ſake,
In Paths of Truth and Grace.

When they walk thro' the Shades of Death,
His Preſence is their Stay:
A Word of his ſupporting Breath
Drives all their Fears away.

His Hand in Sight of all their Foes
Doth ſtill their Table ſpread,
Their Cup with Bleſſings overflows.
His Oil anoints their Head.

The ſure Proviſions of our God,
Attend us all our Days:
O may his Houſe be our Abode,
And all our Work his Praiſe!

HYMN XI.

Morning Worship.

O Lord, how many are our Foes
In this weak State of Fleſh and Blood!
Our Peace they daily diſcompoſe,
But our Defence and Hope is God.

Tir'd with the Burdens of the Day,
To thee we rais'd an Ev'ning Cry;
Thou heard'ſt when we began to pray,
And thine Almighty Help was nigh.

Supported by thine heav'nly Aid,
We laid us down and ſlept ſecure;
Not Death ſhould make our Hearts afraid
Though we ſhould wake and riſe no more.

But God ſuſtain'd us all the Night;
Salvation doth to God belong:
He rais'd our Heads to ſee the Light,
And we ſhall have our Morning Song.

HYMN XII.

The ſame.

RISE our Souls to praiſe the Care
Of Jeſus true and good;
Sing to him whoſe Robes appear
As newly dipt in Blood.

By his Pow'r we live to ſee
The Dawning of another Day;
Farther favour'd may we be,
When here no more we ſtay!

O may we in Righteouſneſs,
In Jeſu's Arms awake!
And the Joys the Saints poſſeſs,
With them ere long partake:

With our common Father ſit,
And in his heav'nly Kingdom praiſe
(Bowing down before his Feet)
The Riches of his Grace.

HYMN XIII.

The ſame.

COME, let us adore
The Lord's gracious Hand,
(Our great GOVERNOR)
Who gave a Command
And Charge to his Angels
To watch round our Bed,
To guard us from Evils,
From Dangers and Dread.

Our Shepherd alone
The Lord let us bleſs,
Who reigns on the Throne
The Prince of our Peace;
Who evermore ſaves us
By ſhedding his Blood;
All hail, holy Jeſus,
Our Lord and our God!

We daily will ſing
Thy Merits, thy Praiſe,
Thou merciful Spring
Of Pity and Grace:
Thy Kindneſs for ever
To men we will tell;
And ſay, our dear Saviour
Redeems us from Hell.

Preſerve us in Love,
While here we abide;
Nor ever remove,
Nor cover, nor hide,
Thy glorious Salvation;
Till joyful we ſee
The beautiful Viſion
Completed in thee.

The

HYMN XIV.

The ſame.

CHRIST whoſe Glory fills the Skies;
Chriſt, the true, the only Light;
Sun of Righteouſneſs ariſe,
Triumph o'er the Shades of Night.
Day-Spring from on high be near,
Day-Star in our Hearts appear.

Dark and chearleſs is the Morn,
Unaccompany'd by thee;
Joyleſs is the Day's Return,
'Till thy Mercy's Beams we ſee:
Lord, thy inward Light impart,
Glad our Eyes, and warm each Heart.

Viſit ev'ry Soul of thine,
Pierce the Gloom of Sin and Grief;
Fill with Radiancy divine,
Scatter all our Unbelief:
More and more thyſelf diſplay,
Shining to the perfect Day.

HYMN XV.

Evening WORSHIP.

THE Saviour who us kept to Day,
The Lamb who takes our Sins away,
Our thankful Souls ſhall bleſs;
Thou worthy art, O Son of God,
Of endleſs Praiſe; for in thy Blood
Saints ſweetly reſt in Peace.

We'll lay us down, and thou, our Lord,
With all thy Angels us wilt guard;
Our Souls to thee we truſt:
Thou ſhalt (for thou art able) keep
Our Souls among the Fellowſhip
Of Saints through thee made juſt.

HYMN XVI.

The ſame.

NOW, from the Altar of our Hearts,
Let Incenſe-Flames ariſe;
Aſſiſt us, Lord, to offer up
Our Evening-Sacrifice.

Awake our Love, awake our Joy,
Awake our Heart and Tongue;
Sleep not when Mercies loudly call,
Break forth into a Song.

Minutes and Mercies multiply'd,
Have made up all this Day;
Minutes came quick, but Mercies were
More fleet and free than they.

New Time, new Favour, and new Joys,
Do a new Song require;
Till we ſhall praiſe thee as we would,
Accept our Heart's Deſire.

Lord of our Time, whoſe Hand hath ſet
New Time upon our Score;
Thee may we praiſe for all our Time,
When Time ſhall be no more!

HYMN XVII.

Morning or Evening.

O God, how endleſs is thy Love!
Thy Gifts are every Ev'ning new;
And Morning Mercies from above,
Gently diſtil like early Dew.

Thou ſpread'ſt the Curtain of the Night,
Great Guardian of our ſleeping Hours;
Thy Sov'reign Word reſtores the Light,
And quickens all our drowſy Pow'rs.

We yield our Pow'rs to thy Command,
To thee we conſecrate our Days;
Perpetual Bleſſings from thine Hand
Demand perpetual Songs of Praiſe.

HYMN XVIII.

On the LORD'S DAY.

THIS is the Day the Lord hath made,
He calls the Hours his own;
Let Heav'n rejoice, let Earth be glad,
And Praiſe ſurround the Throne.

To-day Chriſt roſe, and left the Dead,
And Satan's Empire fell;
To-day the Saints his Triumphs ſpread,
And all his Wonders tell.

Hoſannah to th' anointed King,
To David's holy Son!
Help us, O Lord, deſcend, and bring
Salvation from thy Throne.

Hoſanna, in the higheſt Strains
The Church on Earth can raiſe!
The higheſt Heav'ns in which he reigns
Shall give him nobler Praiſe.

HYMN XIX.

The ſame.

WElcome ſweet Day of Reſt,
That ſaw the Lord ariſe;
Welcome to this reviving Breaſt
And theſe rejoicing Eyes!

The King himſelf comes near,
And feaſts his Saints to day:
Here we may ſit, and ſee him here,
And love, and praiſe, and pray.

One Day amidſt the Place
Where our dear God hath been,
Is ſweeter than ten thouſand Days
Of pleaſurable Sin.

Bid, Lord, our Souls to ſtay
In ſuch a Frame as this,
And when thou call'ſt for them away,
Waft them to endleſs Bliſs.

HYMN XX.

The ſame.

SWEET is the Work, O God, our King,
To praiſe thy Name, give Thanks, and ſing:
To ſhew thy Love by Morning Light,
And talk of all thy Truth by Night.

Sweet

Sweet is the Day of ſacred Reſt,
No mortal Cares ſhould ſeize our Breaſt;
O may our Hearts in Tune be found,
Like David's Harp, of ſolemn Sound!

Our Hearts ſhould triumph in thee, Lord,
And bleſs thy Works, and bleſs thy Word;
Thy Works of Grace, how bright they ſhine!
How deep thy Counſels! how divine!

O may we ſee, and hear, and know,
What Mortals cannot reach below:
May all our Pow'rs find ſweet Employ
In Chriſt's eternal World of Joy.

HYMN XXI.

Longing for the Houſe of God.

LORD of the Worlds above,
How pleaſant and how fair
The Dwellings of thy Love,
Thy earthly Temples are!
To his Abode,
My Soul, aſpire,
With warm Deſire,
To ſee thy God.

O happy Souls that pray,
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy Men that pay
Their conſtant Service there!
They praiſe Chriſt ſtill;
And happy they
That love the Way
To Zion's Hill.

They go from Strength to Strength,
Through this dark Vale of Tears:
'Till each arrives at length,
'Till each in Heav'n appears.
O glorious Seat!
Our God and King,
Us thither bring,
To kiss thy Feet!

The Lord his People loves;
His Hand no Good with-holds
From those his Heart approves,
From pure and pious Souls.
Thrice happy he,
O God of Hosts,
Whose Spirit trusts
Alone in thee!

HYMN XXII.

The same.

HOW pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of Hosts, thy Dwellings are!
The new-born Soul both longs and faints
To meet th' Assemblies of thy Saints.

Blest are the Souls that find a Place
Within the Temple of thy Grace!
There they behold thy gentler Rays,
And seek thy Face, and learn thy Praise.

Blest are the Men whose Hearts are set
To find the Way to Zion's Gate;
God is their Strength, and through the Road
They lean upon their Helper God.

Oh may we walk with growing Strength,
'Till we all meet in Heav'n at Length;
'Till all before Chriſt's Face appear,
And join in nobler Worſhip there!

HYMN XXIII.

Offices of CHRIST.

JOIN all the glorious Names
Of Wiſdom, Love, and Power,
That Mortals ever knew,
That Angels ever bore:
All are too mean
To ſpeak his Worth,
Too mean to ſet
Our Saviour forth.

But, O what gentle Terms,
What condeſcending Ways,
Doth our Redeemer uſe
To teach his heav'nly Grace!
My Soul, with Joy
And Wonder ſee
What Forms of Love
He bears for thee.

Great Prophet of our God,
Our Tongues would bleſs thy Name;
By thee the joyful News
Of our Salvation came:
The joyful News
Of Sins forgiv'n,
Of Hell ſubdu'd,
And Peace with Heav'n.

Jesus, our great High Priest,
Offer'd his Blood and dy'd;
Thou guilty Sinner seek
No Sacrifice beside:
His pow'rful Blood
Did once atone,
And now it pleads
Before the Throne.

Thou dear Almighty Lord,
Our Conqu'ror and our King,
Thy Scepter and thy Sword,
Thy reigning Grace we sing.
Thine is the Pow'r;
O may we sit,
In willing Bonds,
Beneath thy Feet!

HYMN XXIV.

The same.

ARray'd in mortal Flesh,
Christ like an Angel stands,
And holds the Promises
And Pardons in his Hands:
Commission'd from
His Father's Throne,
To make his Grace
To Mortals known.

Be thou our Counsellor,
Our Pattern and our Guide!
And through this desart Land
Still keep us near thy Side!

O let our Feet
Ne'er run astray,
Nor rove, nor seek
The crooked Way!

We'd hear our Shepherd's Voice,
Who's watchful Eye doth keep
Poor wandring Souls among
The Thousands of his Sheep.
He feeds his Flock,
He calls their Names,
His Bosom bears
The tender Lambs.

To this dear Surety's Hands,
My Soul, commend thy Cause,
He answers and fulfils
His Father's broken Laws:
Believing Souls
Now free are set;
For Christ hath paid
Their dreadful Debt.

Their Advocate appears
For their Defence on high,
The Father bows his Ears,
And lays his Thunder by:
Not all that Hell
Or Sin can say,
Shall turn his Heart,
His Love away.

Then let our Souls arise,
And tread the Tempter down:
Our Captain leads us forth
To Conquest and a Crown.

A feeble Saint
Shall win the Day,
Tho' Death and Hell
Obſtruct the Way.

HYMN XXV.

CHRIST our Wiſdom, Righteouſneſs, Sanctification, and Redemption.

BURY'D in Shadows of the Night,
We lie, 'till Chriſt reſtores the Light;
Wiſdom deſcends to heal the Blind,
And chaſe the Darkneſs of the Mind.

Loſt guilty Souls are drown'd in Tears,
'Till the atoning Blood appears;
Then they awake from deep Diſtreſs,
And ſing the Lord our Righteouſneſs.

Jeſus beholds where Satan reigns,
Binding his Slaves in heavy Chains;
He ſets the Pris'ner free, and breaks
The iron Bondage from our Necks.

Poor helpleſs Worms in thee poſſeſs
Grace, Wiſdom, Power, and Righteouſneſs:
Thou art our mighty All, may we
Give our whole Selves, O Lord, to thee!

HYMN XXVI.

The ſame.

HOW heavy is the Night,
That hangs upon our Eyes,
'Till Chriſt with his reviving Light
Over our Souls ariſe!

Our guilty Spirits dread
To meet the Wrath of Heav'n;
But in his Righteouſneſs array'd,
We ſee our Sins forgiv'n.

Unholy and impure
Are all our Thoughts and Ways;
His Hands infected Nature cure,
With ſanctifying Grace.

The Pow'rs of Hell agree
To hold our Souls in vain;
He ſets the Sons of Bondage free,
And breaks the curſed Chain.

Lord, we adore thy Ways
That bring us near to God:
Thy ſov'reign Pow'r, thy healing Grace,
And thine atoning Blood.

HYMN XXVII.

To the HOLY GHOST.

CReator Spirit, by whoſe Aid
The World's Foundations firſt were laid,
Come viſit ev'ry waiting Mind,
Come pour thy Joys on Humankind;
From Sin, and Sorrow, ſet us free,
And make us Temples worthy thee.

O Source of uncreated Heat,
The Father's promis'd Paraclete!
Thrice holy Fount, immortal Fire,
Our Hearts with heav'nly Love inſpire;
Come, and thy ſacred Unction bring,
To ſanctify us while we ſing.

Create

Create all new, our Wills controul,
Subdue the Rebel in our Soul;
Chaſe from our Minds th' infernal Foe,
And Peace, the Fruit of Faith, beſtow;
And leſt again we go aſtray,
Protect and guide us in thy Way.

Immortal Honours, endleſs Fame,
Attend th Almighty Father's Name;
The Saviour Son be glorify'd,
Who for loſt Man's Redemption dy'd;
And equal Adoration be,
Eternal Comforter, to thee!

HYMN XXVIII.

The ſame.

COME, Holy Ghoſt, our Hearts inſpire,
Let us thy Influence prove;
Source of the old prophetic Fire,
Fountain of Life and Love.

Come, Holy Ghoſt (for mov'd by thee
Thy holy Prophets ſpoke)
Unlock the Truth, thyſelf the Key,
Unſeal the ſacred Book.

Expand thy Wings, proliſic Dove,
Brood o'er our Nature's Night;
On our diſorder'd Spirits move,
And let there now be Light.

God thro' himſelf we then ſhall know,
If thou within us ſhine;
And ſound with all thy Saints below,
The Depths of Love Divine.

HYMN XXIX.

The same.

WHY should the Children of a King
Go mourning all their Days?
Great Comforter, descend and bring
Some Tokens of thy Grace.

Dost thou not dwell in all thy Saints,
And seal the Heirs of Heav'n?
When wilt thou banish their Complaints,
And shew their Sins forgiv'n?

Assure each Conscience of its Part
In the Redeemer's Blood,
And bear thy Witness in each Heart,
That it is born of God.

Thou art the Earnest of his Love,
The Pledge of Joys to come;
May thy blest Wings, celestial Dove,
Safely convey us home!

HYMN XXX.

Christ's Birth.

THE King of Glory sends his Son,
To make his Entrance on this Earth;
Behold the Midnight bright as Noon,
And heav'nly Hosts declare his Birth!

About the young Redeemer's Head,
What Wonders and what Glories meet!
An unknown Star arose, and led
The Eastern Sages to his Feet.

Simeon and Anna both conſpire,
The Infant Saviour to proclaim;
Inward they felt the ſacred Fire,
And bleſs'd the Babe, and own'd his Name.

Let Jews and Greeks blaſpheme aloud,
And treat the holy Child with Scorn;
Our Souls adore th' eternal God,
Who condeſcended to be born.

HYMN XXXI.

The ſame.

HARK! the Herald Angels ſing
Glory to the new-born King!
Peace on Earth, and Mercy mild,
God and Sinners reconcil'd.

Joyful all ye Nations riſe,
Join the Triumphs of the Skies;
Nature riſe and worſhip him,
Who is born at Bethlehem.

Chriſt by higheſt Heav'n ador'd,
Chriſt the everlaſting Lord;
Late in Time behold him come,
Offspring of the Virgin's Womb.

Veil'd in Fleſh the Godhead ſee,
Hail th' incarnate Deity!
Pleas'd as Man with Men t'appear,
Jeſus our Emmanuel here.

Hail the Heav'n-born Prince of Peace!
Hail the Son of Righteouſneſs!
Light and Life around he brings,
Ris'n with Healing in his Wings.

Mild

Mild he lays his Glory by,
Born that Men no more may die;
Born to raiſe the Sons of Earth,
Born to give them ſecond Birth.

Come, Deſire of Nations, come,
Fix in us thy heav'nly Home;
Riſe the Woman's conqu'ring Seed,
Bruiſe in us the Serpent's Head.

Adam's Likeneſs now efface,
Stamp thy Image in its Place;
Second Adam from above,
Work it in us by thy Love.

HYMN XXXII.

The ſame.

WHAT good News the Angels bring!
What glad Tidings of our King!
Chriſt the Lord is born To-day;
Chriſt who takes our Sins away;
He who rules in Heav'n and Earth,
Hath in Bethlehem his Birth;
Him ſhall all his People ſee,
And rejoice eternally.

Lift your Hearts and Voices high,
With Hoſannas fill the Sky;
Glory be to God above!
God is infinite in Love:
Peace on Earth, Good-will to Men!
Now with us our God is ſeen:
Angels join with us in Praiſe,
Help us ſing redeeming Grace.

Now the wall is broken down,
Now the Goſpel is made known;
Now the Door is open wide,
Chriſt for Jew and Gentile dy'd;
All who feel the Weight of Sin,
All who langiſh to be clean;
All who for Redemption groan,
May be ſav'd by Faith alone.

Jeſus is the lovely Name,
This the Angel doth proclaim;
He ſhall all his People ſave,
They in him Remiſſion have:
When they ſee themſelves undone,
They take Refuge in the Son;
They ſhall all be born again,
And with him in Glory reign.

Shout, ye Nations of the Earth,
Sing the Triumphs of his Birth;
All the World by him is bleſt;
Sound his Praiſe from Eaſt to Weſt.
Jews and Gentiles jointly ſing,
Chriſt our common Lord and King;
Chriſt our Life, our Joy, our Song,
To Eternity prolong.

HYMN XXXIII.

The ſame.

FATHER, our Hearts we liſt
Up to thy gracious Throne,
And bleſs thee for the precious Gift
Of thine incarnate Son:

The Gift unſpeakable,
We thankfully receive,
And to the World thy Goodneſs tell:
Oh may we to thee live!

Jeſus, the holy Child,
Doth by his Birth declare,
That God and Man are reconcil'd,
And one in him we are.
Salvation thro' his Name
To loſt Mankind is giv'n,
And loud his Infant-Cries proclaim
A Peace 'twixt Earth and Heav'n.

A Peace on Earth he brings,
Which never more ſhall end;
The Lord of Hoſts, the King of Kings,
Declares himſelf our Friend:
Aſſumes our Fleſh and Blood,
That we his Sp'rit may gain,
The everlaſting Son of God,
The mortal Son of Man.

O may we all receive
The new-born Prince of Peace,
And meekly in his Spirit live,
And in his Love increaſe!
'Till he convey us home,
Cry ev'ry Soul aloud,
Come, thou Deſire of Nations, come,
And take us all to God.

HYMN XXXIV.

The Circumciſion of CHRIST.

SEE, my Soul, with Wonder ſee
The incarnate Deity;

Human Nature he aſſumes,
He to ranſom Sinners comes.
He was not conceiv'd in Sin,
He was infinitely clean;
Him no ſinful Spot diſguis'd,
Yet, lo! he was circumcis'd.

He fulfill'd all Righteouſneſs,
Standing in our legal Place,
From the Cradle to the Croſs,
All he did he did for us.
He did all our Woes retrieve,
He expir'd that we might live:
By his Stripes our Wounds are heal'd,
By his Blood our Peace is ſeal'd.

Jeſu's Pain procures our Eaſe,
Jeſu's Death is our Releaſe;
Jeſu's Croſs obtains our Crown,
Jeſu's Sepulcre our Throne.
Lord, conform us to thy Death,
Bid our Sins yield up their Breath;
By thy Reſurrection's Pow'r,
Make our Souls to Glory ſoar.

Circumciſe our filthy Hearts,
Purify our inward Parts;
Lord, deſtroy the carnal Mind
That in thee we Peace may find:
In thy Righteouſneſs array'd,
Let us triumph and be glad;
Let us walk with thee in white,
'Till we ſee thy Face in Light.

HYMN XXXV.

Christ's Compaſſion for the Tempted.

WITH Joy we meditate the Grace
Of our high Prieſt above;
His Heart is made of Tenderneſs,
His Bowels melt with Love.

Touch'd with a Sympathy within,
He knows our feeble Frame;
He knows what ſore Temptations mean,
For he hath felt the ſame.

He in the Days of feeble Fleſh,
Pour'd out his Cries and Tears,
And in his Meaſure feels afreſh,
What ev'ry Member bears.

He'll never quench the ſmoaky Flax,
But raiſe it to a Flame;
The bruis'd Reed he never breaks,
Nor ſcorns the meaneſt Name.

Then, let our humble Faith addreſs
His Mercy and his Pow'r;
We ſhall obtain delivering Grace
In the diſtreſſing Hour.

HYMN XXXVI.

Christ's Paſſion.

YE that paſs by behold the Man,
The Man of Griefs condemn'd for you,
The Lamb of God for Sinners ſlain,
Weeping to Calvary purſue.

His ſacred Limbs they ſtretch, they tear,
With Nails they faſten to the Wood
His ſacred Limbs—expos'd and bare,
Or only cover'd with his Blood.

See there! his Temples crown'd with Thorns,
His bleeding Hands extended wide,
His ſtreaming Feet transfixt and torn,
The Fountain guſhing from his Side.

Oh, thou dear ſuffering Son of God,
How doth thy Heart to Sinners move!
Help us to catch thy precious Blood,
Help us to taſte thy dying Love.

The Earth could to her Centre quake,
Convuls'd while her Creator dy'd;
O may our inmoſt Nature ſhake,
And bow with Jeſus crucify'd!

At thy laſt Gaſp, the Graves diſplay'd
Their Horrors to the upper Skies;
O that our Souls might burſt the Shade,
And, quicken'd by thy Death, ariſe!

The Rocks could feel thy pow'rful Death,
And tremble, and aſunder part;
O rend with thy expiring Breath
The harder Marble of our Heart!

HYMN XXXVII.

Chriſt's Sufferings and Glory.

NOW for a Tune of loſty Praiſe,
To great Jehovah's equal Son!

Awake

Awake my Voice in heav'nly Lays,
Tell the loud Wonders he hath done.

Down to this baſe, this ſinful Earth,
He came to raiſe our Nature high;
He came t'atone Almighty Wrath,
Jeſus the God was born to die.

Deep in the Shades of gloomy Death,
Th' Almighty Captive Pris'ner lay;
Th' Almighty Captive left the Earth,
And roſe to everlaſting Day.

Lift up your Eyes, ye Sons of Light,
Up to his Throne of ſhining Grace;
See what immortal Glories ſit
Round the ſweet Beauties of his Face.

Amongſt a thouſand Harps and Songs,
Jeſus the God exalted reigns;
Oh may his Praiſe fill all our Tongues,
And echoe to the heav'nly Plains.

HYMN XXXVIII.

The ſame.

WHAT equal Honours ſhall we bring,
To thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb?
Since all the Notes that Angels ſing
Are far inferior to thy Name!

Worthy is he that once was ſlain,
The Prince of Peace that groan'd and dy'd;
Worthy to riſe and live and reign,
At his Almighty Father's Side.

Pow'r

Pow'r and Dominion are his Due
Who ſtood condemn'd at Pilate's Bar;
Wiſdom belongs to Jeſus too,
Tho' he was charg'd with Madneſs here.

Honour immortal muſt be paid,
Inſtead of Scandal and of Scorn;
While Glory ſhines around his Head,
And a bright Crown without a Thorn.

Bleſſings for ever on the Lamb,
Who bore our Sin, and Curſe, and Pain;
Let Angels ſound his ſacred Name,
And every Creature ſay Amen!

HYMN XXXIX.

CHRIST'S Reſurrection.

JESUS, who dy'd a World to ſave,
Revives and riſes from the Grave,
By his Almighty Pow'r:
From Sin and Death, and Hell ſet free,
He Captive leads Captivity,
And lives to die no more.

Children of God, look up and ſee,
Your Saviour cloath'd with Majeſty,
Triumphant o'er the Tomb:
Give o'er your Griefs, caſt off your Fears,
In Heav'n your Manſions he prepares,
And ſoon will take you home.

His Church is ſtill his Joy and Crown,
He looks with Love and Pity down,
On her he did redeem:

He taſtes her Joys, he feels her Woes,
And prays that ſhe may ſpoil her Foes,
And ever reign with him.

Oh may we all from Sin awake,
May all in Heav'n our Places take,
Near our exalted Head!
May all our Souls to Heav'n aſpire,
In Thought, in Will, in ſtrong Deſire,
To carnal Pleaſures dead!

HYMN XL.

The ſame.

THE Sun of Righteouſneſs appears,
To ſet in Blood no more;
Adore the Scatterer of your Fears,
Your riſing God adore.

The Saints, when he reſign'd his Breath,
Unclos'd their ſleeping Eyes:
He breaks again the Bands of Death,
Again the Dead ariſe!

Alone the dreadful Race he ran,
Alone the Wine-Preſs trod;
He dy'd and ſuffer'd as a Man,
He riſes as a God.

In vain the Stone, the Watch, the Seal,
Forbid an early Riſe
To him whe breaks the Gates of Hell,
And opens Paradiſe.

HYMN XLI.

Christ's Aſcenſion.

CLAP your Hands, ye People all,
Praiſe the God on whom ye call;
Lift your Voice, and ſhout his Praiſe,
Triumph in his ſovereign Grace.

Jeſus is gone up on high,
Takes his Seat above the Sky;
Shout the Angel-Choirs aloud,
Echoing to the Trump of God!

Sons of Men, the Triumph join,
Praiſe him with the Hoſt divine;
Emulate the heav'nly Pow'rs,
Their victorious Lord is ours.

Shout the God enthron'd above,
Trumpet forth his conqu'ring Love;
Praiſes to our Jeſus ſing,
Praiſes to our glorious King!

Pow'r is all to Jeſus giv'n,
Pow'r o'er Hell and Earth and Heav'n:
Jeſus Pow'r to us impart,
Then we'll praiſe with all our Heart.

HYMN XLII.

The ſame.

HOSANNA to the Prince of Light,
That cloath'd himſelf in Clay,
Enter'd the Iron Gates of Death,
And tore the Bars away!

Death

Death is no more the King of Dread,
Since our Emmanuel roſe;
He took the Tyrant's Sting away,
And ſpoil'd our helliſh Foes.

See how the Conqu'ror mounts aloft,
And to his Father flies,
With Scars of Honour in his Fleſh,
And Triumph in his Eyes.

There our exalted Saviour reigns,
And ſcatters Bleſſings down;
Our Jeſus fills the middle Seat
Of the celeſtial Throne.

Raiſe your Devotion, mortal Tongues,
To reach his bleſs'd Abode;
Sweet be the Accents of our Songs,
To our incarnate God.

Bright Angels ſtrike their loudeſt Strings
Your ſweeteſt Voices raiſe;
Let Heav'n, and all created Things,
Sound our Emmanuel's Praiſe.

HYMN XLIII.

The ſame.

HAIL the Day that ſees him riſe,
Raviſh'd from our wiſhful Eyes!
Chriſt a while to Mortals giv'n,
Re-aſcends his native Heav'n.
There the pompous Triumph waits,
"Lift your heads, eternal Gates!
"Wide unfold the radiant Scene,
"Take the King of Glory in."

Cir-

Circl'd around with Angel-Pow'rs,
Their triumphant Lord and ours,
Conqu'ror o'er Death, Hell, and Sin,
Take the King of Glory in.
Him, though higheſt Heav'n receives,
Still he loves the Earth he leaves;
Though returning to his Throne,
Still he calls Mankind his own.

See, he lifts his Hands above;
See, he ſhews the Prints of Love;
Hark! his gracious Lips beſtow
Bleſſings on his Church below:
Still for us he intercedes,
Prevalent his Death he pleads;
Next himſelf prepares our Place,
Harbinger of human Race.

Maſter (may we ever ſay)
Taken from our Head to-day,
See, thy faithful Servants ſee,
Ever gazing up to thee!
Grant, though parted from our Sight,
High above yon azure Height,
Grant, our Hearts may thither riſe,
Seeking thee beyond the Skies.

Ever upward may we move,
Wafted on the Wings of Love;
Looking when our Lord ſhall come,
Longing, gaſping after Home!
There may we with thee remain,
Partners of thine endleſs Reign;
There thy Face unclouded ſee,
Find our Heav'n of Heav'ns in thee!

HYMN XLIV.

Christ's Intercession.

WELL! the Redeemer's gone
T' appear before our God,
To sprinkle o'er the flaming Throne
With his atoning Blood.

No fiery Vengeance now,
No burning Wrath comes down;
If Justice calls for Sinners Blood,
The Saviour shews his own.

Before his Father's Eye,
Our humble Suit he moves;
The Father lays his Thunder by,
And looks, and smiles, and loves.

Now may our joyful Tongues
Our Maker's Honours sing;
Jesus the Priest receives our Songs,
And bears 'em to the King.

HYMN XLV.

The same.

LIFT up your Eyes to th' heav'nly Seats,
Where your Redeemer stays;
Kind Intercessor, there he sits,
And loves, and pleads, and prays.

'Twas well, my Soul, he dy'd for thee,
And shed his vital Blood;
Appeas'd stern Justice on the Tree,
And then arose to God.

Petitions now, and Praiſe may riſe,
And Saints their Off'rings bring;
The Prieſt with his own Sacrifice
Preſents them to the King.

Ten thouſand Praiſes to the King,
Hoſanna in the high'ſt!
Ten thouſand Thanks our Spirits bring
To God, and to his Chriſt.

HYMN XLVI.

Praiſing CHRIST.

AWAKE, and ſing the Song
Of Moſes and the Lamb,
Wake ev'ry Heart and ev'ry Tongue,
To praiſe the Saviour's Name.

Sing of his dying Love,
Sing of his riſing Pow'r,
Sing how he intercedes above
For thoſe whoſe Sins he bore.

Sing 'till we feel our Hearts
Aſcending with our Tongues,
Sing 'till the Love of Sin departs,
And Grace inſpire our Songs.

Sing 'till we hear Chriſt ſay,
"Your Sins are all forgiv'n;"
Sing on rejoicing ev'ry Day,
'Till we all meet in Heav'n.

HYMN XLVII.

The ſame.

COME, my Brethren, Iſr'el's Race,
And hear me bleſs my King;
Hear me my Beloved praiſe,
My Jeſus do I ſing:
Neither hear my Song alone,
But help, O help me to proclaim
Jeſus, our Creator's Son;
Jeſus! that lovely Name.

Others ſing their Time away,
Who Jeſus never knew;
Ought not we to paſs our Day
In Joy and Singing too?
Others, have they Cauſe to bleſs?
The Children of the King have more;
They have Chriſt, their Righteouſneſs!
Their Glory, Peace, and Pow'r.

Bow thy Throne, thou Son of God!
And with a living Coal
From the Altar, ſtain'd with Blood,
Inſpire each drowſy Soul.
Slaughter'd Lamb, who, who can ſhew,
Or fully who can ſing thy Praiſe?
Lord, we fail in Hymns below,
Teach! teach us heav'nly Lays.

HYMN XLVIII.

CHRIST worſhipped by all Creatures.

COME, let us join our chearful Songs,
With Angels round the Throne,

Ten thouſand thouſands are their Tongues,
But all their Joys are one.

Worthy the Lamb that dy'd, they cry,
To be exalted thus;
Worthy the Lamb, our Lips reply,
For he was ſlain for us.

Jeſus is worthy to receive
Honour and Pow'r divine;
And Bleſſings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

The whole Creation join in one,
To bleſs the ſacred Name
Of him that ſits upon the Throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

HYMN XLIX.

The ſame.

SURE thy Name is Wonderful
Counſellor, the mighty God,
Whom the heav'nly Hoſts adore,
Praiſe we through the Earth abroad.

Thou the Godhead bear'ng down,
To the Sight of mortal Man,
Fleſh in Form, and God in Pow'r,
Suited art to all thy Plan.

Center'd in thy lovely Face,
Judgment, Mercy, both appear;
All the Father's Honour meets,
All his Glory triumphs here.

Wonder-

Wonderfully form'd to raiſe
Adam's fallen helpleſs Race,
Form'd to purchaſe, and ſecure,
For thy People, boundleſs Grace.

Thou that Prophet art and King,
Thou the Prieſt foretold to riſe;
Thou the Sacrificer art,
Thou too art the Sacrifice.

Lamb of God, that once was ſlain,
Bleeding on the painful Tree,
Riſen and aſcended high,
We adore thy Majeſty.

Wonderful art thou in Pow'r,
But moſt wonderful in Love:
Be thou all our Theme below,
Be thou all our Heav'n above!

Hallelujah.

HYMN L.

The ſame.

YE Servants of God,
Your Maſter proclaim,
And publiſh abroad
His wonderful Name.
The Name all victorious
Of Jeſus extol;
His Kingdom is glorious,
And rules over all.

God ruleth on high,
Almighty to ſave,
And ſtill he is nigh,
His Preſence we have.

The great Congregation
His Triumph ſhall ſing,
Aſcribing Salvation
To Jeſus our King.

Salvation to God,
Who ſits on the Throne;
Let all cry aloud,
And honour the Son.
Our Jeſus's Praiſes
The Angels proclaim,
Fall down on their Faces
And worſhip the Lamb.

Then let us adore,
And give him his Right,
All Glory and Pow'r
And Wiſdom and Might;
All Honour and Bleſſing,
With Angels above,
And Thanks never ceaſing,
And infinite Love.

HYMN LI.

Te Deum.

HOW can we adore,
Or worthily praiſe,
Thy Goodneſs and Pow'r,
Thou God of all Grace!
With Honour and Bleſſing,
Before thee we fall,
Moſt gladly confeſſing
Thee Father of all.

The Heav'ns and Earth,
And Water and Air,
To thee owe their Birth,
Subſiſt by thy Care;
While Angels are ſinging
Thy Praiſes above,
We Mortals are bringing
Our Tribute of Love.

Thou, Saviour, art one
With God the Supreme,
His eternal Son,
And equal with him:
Inveſted with Glory,
On high doſt thou ſit,
While Angels adore thee
And bow at thy Feet.

How great was thy Love!
How wond'rous thy Grace!
Thou cam'ſt from above
To ſave a loſt Race;
And, Man to deliver,
Of Mary waſt born,
That ev'ry Believer
To God might return.

How ſoon will thy Seat
Of Judgment appear!
Prepare us to meet
And welcome thee there.
Thy witneſſing Spirit
In us ſhed abroad,
And bid us inherit
The Kingdom of God.

The Father and Son
And Spirit agree,
To conſtitute one
Compleat Deity:
Sweet Jeſus, thy Merit
Makes our Peace with God,
And by thy good Spirit
Fall'n Souls are renew'd.

HYMN LII.

To the TRINITY.

BLEST be the Father and his Love,
To whoſe celeſtial Source we owe
Rivers of endleſs Joys above,
And Hills of Comfort here below!

Glory to thee, great Son of God!
Forth from thy wounded Body rolls
A precious Stream of vital Blood,
Pardon and Life for dying Souls.

We give the Sacred Spirit Praiſe,
Who, in our Hearts of Sin and Woe,
Makes living Springs of Grace ariſe,
And into boundleſs Glory flow.

Thus God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, we adore,
That Sea of Life and Love unknown,
Without a Bottom or a Shore.

HYMN LIII.

The ſame.

HAIL holy, holy, holy Lord!
Be endleſs Praiſe to thee;
Supreme, eſſential one ador'd,
In co-eternal three!

Inthron'd in everlaſting State,
E'er Time its Round began,
Who join'd in Council to create
The Dignity of Man.

All that the Name of Creature owns,
To thee in Hymns aſpire;
May we as Angels on our Thrones
For ever join the Choir!

Hail holy, holy, holy Lord!
Be endleſs Praiſe to thee;
Supreme, eſſential one ador'd,
In co-eternal three!

HYMN LIV.

The ſame.

LET God the Father live
For ever on our Tongues,
Sinners from his free Love derive
The Ground of all their Songs.

Ye Saints employ your Breath,
In Honour to the Son;
Who brought your Souls from Hell and Death,
By off'ring up his own.

Give to the Spirit Praiſe,
Of an immortal Strain;
Whoſe Light and Pow'r, and Grace conveys
Salvation down to Men.

While God the Comforter,
Reveals our pardon'd Sin,
O may the Blood and Water bear
The ſame Record within!

To the great one and three,
That ſeal the Grace in Heav'n,
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Eternal Glory giv'n.

HYMN LV.

The ſame.

WE give immortal Praiſe,
To God the Father's Love;
For all our Comforts here,
And better Hopes above.
He ſent his own
Eternal Son,
To die for Sins
That Man had done.
To God the Son belongs
Immortal Glory too,
Who bought us with his Blood,
From everlaſting Woe.
And now he lives,
And now he reigns,
And ſees the Fruit
Of all his Pains.

To

To God the Spirit's Name,
Immortal Worſhip give;
Whoſe new creating Pow'r
Makes the dead Sinners live.
His Work compleats
The great Deſign,
And fills the Soul
With Joy divine.
Almighty God, to thee
Be endleſs Honours done;
The undivided three,
And the myſterious one!
Where Reaſon fails
With all her Pow'rs,
There Faith prevails
And Love adores.

HYMN LVI.

The ſame.

TO him that choſe us firſt,
Before the World began;
To him that bore the Curſe
To ſave rebellious Man:
To him that form'd
Our Hearts anew,
Is endleſs Praiſe
And Glory due.

The Father's Love ſhall run
Thro' our immortal Songs;
We bring to God, the Son,
Hoſannas on our Tongues.
Our Lips addreſs
The Spirit's Name,
With equal Praiſe
And Zeal the ſame.

Let every Saint above,
And Angel round the Throne,
For ever bleſs and love
The ſacred three in one!
Thus Heav'n ſhall raiſe
His Honours high,
When Earth and Time
Grow old and die.

HYMN LVII.

Angels praiſe the LORD.

THE Lord, the Sovereign King,
Hath fix'd his Throne on high,
O'er all the heav'nly World he rules,
And all beneath the Sky.

Ye Angels great in Might,
And ſwift to do his Will,
Bleſs ye the Lord, whoſe Voice ye hear,
Whoſe Pleaſure ye fulfil.

Let the bright Hoſts who wait
The Orders of their King,
And guard his Churches when they pray,
Join in the Praiſe they ſing.

While all his wond'rous Works
Thro' his vaſt Kingdoms ſhew
Their Maker's Glory, thou, my Soul,
Shalt ſing his Graces too.

HYMN LVIII.

The brazen Serpent.

WITH fiery Serpents greatly pain'd
When Iſr'el's mourning Tribes complain'd

And ſigh'd to be reliev'd,
A Serpent ſtrait the Prophet made
Of molten Braſs, to View diſplay'd,
The Patients look'd and liv'd.

But, oh, what healing to the Heart,
Does Jeſu's greater Croſs impart,
To thoſe who ſeek a Cure?
Iſr'el of old, and we no leſs,
The ſame indulgent Grace confeſs,
Whilſt Life and Breath endure.

To Reaſon's View, ſo ſtrange Effect,
Self-righteous Souls will ſtill reject,
And periſh in their Pride!
Not ſo the ſtung with Sin and Law,
Theſe all their rich Salvation draw,
From Jeſu's bleeding Side.

May we then view the matchleſs Croſs,
And other Objects count but Loſs,
No other Gain explore!
Here ſtill be fix'd our feaſted Eyes,
Teeming with Tears of glad Surprize,
And thankfully adore!

Hail, great Emmanuel, balmy Name!
Thy Praiſe the Ranſom'd will proclaim,
Thee we Phyſician call;
We own no other Cure but thine,
Thou the Deliverer Divine,
Our Health, our Life, our all.

HYMN LIX.

God made Man.

O Lord our God, how wond'rous great
Is thine exalted Name!
The Glories of thy heav'nly State
Let Men and Babes proclaim.

When we behold thy Works on high,
The Moon that rules the Night,
And Stars that well adorn the Sky,
Thoſe moving Worlds of Light:

Lord, what is Man, or all his Race,
Who dwells ſo far below,
That thou ſhould'ſt viſit him with Grace,
And love his Nature ſo?

That thine eternal Son ſhould bear
To take a mortal Form,
Made lower than his Angels are,
To ſave a dying Worm!

Jeſus, our Lord, how wond'rous great
Is thine exalted Name!
The Glories of thy heav'nly State
Let the whole Earth proclaim.

HYMN LX.

Faith in Christ.

HOW ſad our State by Nature is,
Our Sin how deep it ſtains!
And Satan binds our Captive Souls
Faſt in his ſlaviſh Chains.

But

But there's a Voice of Sov'reign Grace
Sounds from God's ſacred Word;
Ho! ye deſpairing Sinners, come
And truſt upon the Lord.

O may we hear th' Almighty call,
And run to this Relief!
We would believe thy Promiſe, Lord,
O help our Unbelief!

To the bleſt Fountain of thy Blood,
Teach us, O Lord, to fly;
There may we waſh our ſpotted Souls
From Crimes of deepeſt Dye!

Stretch out thy Arm, victorious King,
Our reigning Sins ſubdue;
Drive the old Dragon from his Seat,
With his infernal Crew.

Poor, guilty, weak, and helpleſs Worms,
Into thy Hands we fall;
Be thou our Strength and Righteouſneſs,
Our Jeſus and our all!

HYMN LXI.

Thankſgiving.

MEET and right it is to ſing
Glory to our God and King;
Meet in ev'ry Time and Place,
To rehearſe his ſolemn Praiſe.

Join, ye Saints, the Song around,
Angels help the chearful Sound;

Publiſh thro' the World abroad
Glory to th' eternal God.

Praiſes here to thee we give,
Gracious thou our Thanks receive;
Holy Father, ſov'reign Lord,
Ev'ry where be thou ador'd.

Tho' th' injurious World exclaim,
Sing we ſtill in Jeſu's Name;
Saviour, thee we ever bleſs,
Thee our Lord and God confeſs.

HYMN LXII.

Therefore with Angels, &c.

LORD and God of heav'nly Pow'rs,
Theirs—yet oh benignly ours!
Glorious King, let Earth proclaim,
Worms attempt to chant thy Name.

Thee to laud in Songs divine,
Angels and Archangels join;
We with them our Voices raiſe,
Echoing thy eternal Praiſe.

Holy, holy, holy Lord,
Live by Heav'n and Earth ador'd;
Full of thee, they ever cry,
Glory be to God moſt high!

HYMN LXIII.

Glory be to God on high, &c.

GLORY be to God on high,
God, whoſe Glory fills the Sky;

Peace

Peace on Earth to Man forgiv'n,
Man the well-belov'd of Heav'n.

Sov'reign Father, heav'nly King,
Thee we now presume to sing;
Glad thine Attributes confess,
Glorious all and numberless.

Hail by all thy Works ador'd,
Hail the everlasting Lord;
Thee with thankful Hearts we prove,
Lord of Pow'r, and God of Love.

Christ our Lord and God we own,
Christ the Father's only Son;
Lamb of God for Sinners slain,
Saviour of offending Man!

Pow'rful Advocate with God,
Justify us by thy Blood;
Bow thine Ear, in Mercy bow,
Hear the World's Atonement thou!

Hear; for thou, O Christ, alone,
With thy gracious Sire, art one!
One the Holy Ghost, with thee,
One Supreme eternal three.

HYMN LXIV.

It is finish'd.

'TIS finish'd, the Redeemer said,
And meekly bow'd his dying Head;
Whilst we this Sentence scan,
Come, Sinners, and observe the Word,
Behold the Conquests of our Lord,
Compleat for helpless Man.

Finiſh'd the Righteouſneſs of Grace,
Finiſh'd for Sinners pard'ning Peace;
Their mighty Debt is paid:
Accuſing Law, cancel'd by Blood,
And Wrath of an offended God,
In ſweet Oblivion laid.

Who now ſhall urge a ſecond Claim?
The Law no longer can condemn,
Faith a Releaſe can ſhew:
Juſtice itſelf a Friend appears,
The Priſon-Houſe a Whiſper hears,
Looſe him and let him go.

O Unbelief, injurious Bar!
Source of tormenting fruitleſs Fear,
Why doſt thou yet reply?
Where'er thy loud Objections fall,
'Tis finiſh'd, ſtill may anſwer all,
And ſilence ev'ry Cry.

His Toil, divinely finiſh'd ſtands,
But, ah! the Praiſe his Word demand;
Careful may we attend!
Concluſion to our Souls be this,
Becauſe Salvation finiſh'd is,
Our Thanks ſhall never end.

HYMN LXV.

Adoption.

BEHOLD what wond'rous Grace
The Father has beſtow'd
On Sinners of a mortal Race,
To call them Sons of God!

Nor

Nor doth it yet appear,
How great they will be made;
But when they ſee their Saviour here,
Saints ſhall be like their Head.

A Hope ſo much divine,
May Trials well endure;
May purge their Souls from Senſe and Sin,
As Chriſt the Lord is pure.

O Lord, if in thy Love
We ſhare a filial Part,
Send down thy Spirit, like a Dove,
To reſt upon each Heart.

Suffer us not to lie
Like Slaves before thy Throne,
Let each now, Abba, Father, cry,
And thou the Kindred own.

HYMN LXVI.

Enjoyment of CHRIST.

LORD, what a Heav'n of ſaving Grace,
Shines thro' the Beauties of thy Face!
O light our Paſſions to a Flame,
Then ſhall we love thy charming Name.

Then will a Scene of ſacred Joy,
Our raptur'd Eyes and Souls employ;
Then ſhall we long to gaze away,
A long and everlaſting Day.

Send Comforts, Lord, from thy right Hand,
While we paſs thro' this barren Land;

And in thy Temple let us ſee
A Glimpſe of Love, a Glimpſe of thee.

HYMN LXVII.

Glory and Grace in the Perſon of Chriſt.

NOW to the Lord, a noble Song;
Awake, my Soul, awake my Tongue,
Hoſanna to th' eternal Name,
And all his boundleſs Love proclaim!

See where it ſhines in Jeſu's Face,
The brighteſt Image of his Grace;
God, in the Perſon of his Son,
Hath all his mightieſt Works outdone.

Grace, 'tis a ſweet, a charming Theme,
Exult, my Soul, at Jeſu's Name!
Ye Angels, dwell upon the Sound;
Ye Heav'ns, reflect it to the Ground!

Oh that we all may reach the Place,
Where he unveils his lovely Face,
Where all his Beauties you behold,
And ſing his Name to Harps of Gold!

HYMN LXVIII.

Looking to Jeſus.

HOW glorious the Lamb
Is ſeen on his Throne!
His Labours are o'er,
His Conqueſts put on:
A Kingdom is giv'n
Into the Lamb's Hand,

In

In Earth and in Heav'n,
For ever to ſtand.

Ye Sinners below
Then truſt in the Lord,
Look up to his Arm,
His Honour, his Word:
Athirſt for his Favour,
His Godhead adore,
Look up to your Saviour,
And Joy evermore!

HYMN LXIX.

Firſt and ſecond Adam.

DEEP in the Duſt, before thy Throne,
Our Guilt and our Diſgrace we own;
Great God, we own th' unhappy Name,
Whence ſprung our Nature and our Shame.

But whilſt our Spirits fill'd with Awe,
Behold the Terrors of thy Law,
We ſing the Honours of thy Grace,
That ſent to ſave our ruin'd Race.

We ſing thine everlaſting Son,
Who join'd our Nature to his own;
Adam, the ſecond from the Duſt,
Raiſes the Ruins of the firſt.

Where Sin did reign, and Death abound,
There have the Sons of Adam found
Abounding Life; there glorious Grace
Reigns thro' the Lord our Righteouſneſs.

HYMN LXX.

Salvation.

SALVATION! O the joyful Sound!
What Pleaſure to our Ears!
A ſov'reign Balm for ev'ry Wound,
A Cordial for our Fears.

Buried in Sorrow, and in Sin,
At Hell's dark Door we lay!
Oh may we riſe by Grace divine,
To ſee a heav'nly Day!

Salvation! let the Echo fly
The ſpacious Earth around
While all the Armies of the Sky
Conſpire to raiſe the Sound.

HYMN LXXI.

CHRIST's Victory over Satan.

HOSANNA to our conqu'ring King!
The Prince of Darkneſs flies;
His Troops ruſh headlong down to Hell,
Like Light'ning from the Skies.

There bound in Chains the Lions roar,
And fright the reſcu'd Sheep:
But heavy Bars confine their Pow'r
And Malice to the Deep.

Hoſanna to our conqu'ring King!
All hail, incarnate Love!
Ten thouſand Songs and Glories wait
To crown thy Head above.

Thy

Thy Vict'ries and thy deathly Fame,
Thro' the wide World ſhall run;
And everlaſting Ages ſing
The Triumphs thou haſt won.

HYMN LXXII.

A Bleſſed Gospel.

BLEST are the Souls that hear and know
The Goſpel's joyful Sound,
Peace ſhall attend the Path they go,
And Light their Steps ſurround.

Their Joy ſhall bear their Spirits up,
Thro' their Redeemer's Name;
His Righteouſneſs exalts their Hope,
Nor Satan dares condemn.

The Lord our Glory and Defence,
Strength and Salvation gives:
Iſrael, thy King for ever reigns,
Thy God for ever lives.

HYMN LXXIII.

Before Prayer.

SING to the Lord, Jehovah's Name,
And in his Strength rejoice;
When his Salvation is our Theme,
Exalted be our Voice.

With Thanks approach his awful Sight,
And Pſalms of Honour ſing;
The Lord's a God of boundleſs Might,
The whole Creation's King.

Earth with its Caverns dark and deep,
Lies in his ſpacious Hand;
He fix'd the Seas with Bounds to keep,
And where the Hills muſt ſtand.

Come, and with humble Souls adore,
Come kneel before his Face;
O may the Creatures of his Pow'r
Be Children of his Grace!

HYMN LXXIV.

The Church is God's Houſe and Care.

PRAISE ye the Lord, exalt his Name,
While in his holy Courts ye wait,
Ye Saints, that to his Houſe belong,
Or ſtand attending at his Gate.

Praiſe ye the Lord, the Lord is good,
To praiſe his Name is ſweet Employ;
Iſrael he choſe of old, and ſtill
His Church is his peculiar Joy.

Bleſs ye the Lord, who taſte his Love,
People and Prieſts exalt his Name;
Amongſt his Saints he ever dwells,
His Church is his Jeruſalem.

HYMN LXXV.

Praiſing God.

GIVE Thanks to God moſt high,
The univerſal Lord,
The ſov'reign King of Kings,
And be his Grace ador'd.

His Pow'r and Grace
Are ſtill the ſame,
And let his Name
Have endleſs Praiſe.

How mighty is his Hand!
What Wonders hath he done!
He form'd the Earth and Seas,
And ſpread the Heav'ns alone:
Thy Mercy, Lord,
Shall ſtill endure,
And ever ſure
Abides thy Word.

He ſaw the Nations lie,
All periſhing in Sin,
And pity'd the ſad State
The ruin'd World was in.
Thy Mercy, Lord,
Shall ſtill endure,
And ever ſure
Abides thy Word.

He ſent his only Son
To ſave us from our Woe,
From Satan, Sin, and Death,
And ev'ry hurtful Foe.
His Pow'r and Grace
Are ſtill the ſame,
And let his Name
Have endleſs Praiſe.

HYMN LXXVI.

The ſame.

FROM all that dwell below the Skies,
Let the Creator's Praiſe ariſe;
Let the Redeemer's Name be ſung
Thro' ev'ry Land by ev'ry Tongue.

Eternal are thy Mercies, Lord,
Eternal Truth attends thy Word;
Thy Praiſe ſhall ſound from Shore to Shore,
'Till Suns ſhall riſe and ſet no more.

HYMN LXXVII.

Deſiring CHRIST's Life to be ſhed abroad in the Heart.

COME, deareſt Lord, deſcend and dwell,
By Faith, and Love, in ev'ry Breaſt;
Then ſhall we know, and taſte, and feel,
The Joys that cannot be expreſs'd.

Come, fill our Hearts with inward Strength,
Make our enlarged Souls poſſeſs,
And learn the Height, and Breadth, and Length,
Of thine unmeaſurable Grace.

Now to the God whoſe Pow'r can do
More than our Thoughts or Wiſhes know,
Be everlaſting Honours done,
By all the Church, through Chriſt his Son!

Sal-

HYMN LXXVIII.

Salvation by Grace in CHRIST.

NOW to the Pow'r of God Supreme,
Be everlaſting Honours giv'n;
He ſaves from Hell, (we bleſs his Name)
He calls loſt wand'ring Souls to Heav'n.

Not for our Duties or Deſerts,
But of his own abounding Grace,
He works Salvation in our Hearts,
And forms a People for his Praiſe.

'Twas his own Purpoſe that begun
To reſcue Rebels doom'd to die,
He gave us Grace in Chriſt his Son,
Before he ſpread the ſtarry Sky.

Jeſus, the Lord, appears at laſt,
And makes his Father's Councils known.
Declares the great Tranſactions paſt,
And brings immortal Bleſſings down.

HYMN LXXIX.

Sight of God and Chriſt in Heaven.

DESCEND from Heav'n, immortal Dove,
Stoop down and take us on thy Wings,
And mount, and bear us far above
The Reach of theſe inferior Things.

O for a Sight, a pleaſing Sight!
Of our Almighty Father's Throne!
There ſits our Saviour, crown'd with Light,
Cloath'd in a Body like our own.

Adoring Saints around him ſtand,
And Thrones and Pow'rs before him fall;
The God ſhines gracious thro' the Man,
And ſheds ſweet Glories on them all.

When ſhall the Day, dear Lord, appear,
That we ſhall mount to dwell above,
And ſtand and bow among them there,
And view thy Face and ſing thy Love?

HYMN LXXX.

Inviting to Praiſe.

COME, guilty Souls, and flee away,
Like Doves to Jeſu's Wounds,
This is the welcome GOSPEL-Day,
Wherein free Grace abounds.

God lov'd the World, and gave his Son
To drink the Cup of Wrath;
And Jeſus ſays, he'll caſt out none
That come to him by Faith.

HYMN LXXXI.

The ſame.

PRAISE ye the Lord, 'tis good to raiſe
Our Hearts and Voices in his Praiſe;
His Nature and his Works invite,
To make this Duty our Delight.

Sing to the Lord, exalt him high,
Who ſpreads his Clouds around the Sky;
There he prepares the fruitful Rain,
Nor lets the Drops deſcend in vain.

He

He form'd the Stars, thoſe heav'nly Flames,
He counts their Numbers, calls their Names;
His Wiſdom's vaſt, and knows no Bound,
A Deep where all our Thoughts are drown'd.

He makes the Graſs the Hills adorn,
And cloathes the ſmiling Fields with Corn;
The Beaſts with Food his Hands ſupply,
And the young Ravens when they cry.

But Saints are lovely in his Sight,
He views his Children with Delight;
He ſees their Hope, he knows their Fear,
And looks and loves his Image there.

HYMN LXXXII.

The ſame.

YE Seekers of God, whoſe diligent Care
Is ever employ'd in Chriſt's Blood to ſhare,
With Praiſes unceaſing, your Jeſus proclaim,
Rejoicing, and bleſſing his excellent Name.

'Tis Jeſus commands, come all to his Houſe,
And lift up your Hands, and pay him your Vows;
And whilſt we are giving our Jeſus his Due,
Do thou, bleſſed Spirit, our Natures renew!

HYMN LXXXIII.

Univerſal Praiſe.

HARK! dull Soul, how ev'ry Thing
Strives t'adore our bounteous King,
Each a double Tribute pays,
Sings its Part, and then obeys.

Wake, for Shame, my sluggish Heart,
Wake, and gladly sing thy Part;
Learn of Birds, and Springs, and Flow'rs,
How t' employ thy nobler Pow'rs.

Call whole Nature to thy Aid,
Since 'twas he whole Nature made;
Join we in one endless Song,
Who to one God all belong.

Live for ever, glorious Lord,
Live by all thy Works ador'd;
One in three, and three in one,
All things bow to thee alone.

HYMN LXXXIV.

The New Creation.

ATTEND, while God's eternal Son
Doth his own Glories shew;
"Behold, I sit upon my Throne,
"Creating all Things new.

"Nature and Sin are past away,
"And the old Adam dies;
"My Hands a new Foundation lay,
"See a new World arise!"

Mighty Redeemer, set us free
From our old State of Sin,
O make our Soul alive to thee,
Create new Pow'rs within.

Renew our Eyes, and form our Ears,
And mould our Hearts afresh;
Give us new Passions, Joys, and Fears,
And turn the Stone to Flesh.

Far from the Regions of the Dead,
From Sin, and Earth, and Hell;
In the new World thy Grace hath made,
May we for ever dwell!

HYMN LXXXV.

Longing for Chriſt.

O Come, thou wounded Lamb of God,
Come waſh us in thy cleanſing Blood;
Hide us within thy Wounds, then Pain
Is ſweet, and Life or Death is Gain.

Take our poor Hearts, and let them be
For ever clos'd to all but thee;
Seal thou our Breaſts, and let us wear
That Pledge of Love for ever there.

How bleſt are thoſe who ſtill abide
Cloſe ſhelter'd in thy bleeding Side!
Who Life and Strength from thence derive,
And by thee move, and in thee live.

How can it be, thou heav'nly King,
That thou ſhould'ſt Man to Glory bring;
Make Slaves the Partners of thy Throne,
Deck'd with a never-fading Crown.

Ah, Lord! enlarge our ſcanty Thought,
To know the Wonders thou haſt wrought;
Unlooſe our ſtamm'ring Tongue to tell
Thy Love immenſe, unſearchable.

Firſt-born of many Brethren thou,
To thee both Earth and Heav'n muſt bow;
Help us to thee our All to give,
Thine may we die, thine may we live!

HYMN LXXXVI.

The same.

O Love divine, how ſweet thou art,
When ſhall we find our longing Hearts
All taken up by thee?
Oh make me pant and thirſt to prove
The Greatneſs of redeeming Love,
The Love of Chriſt to me.

God only knows the Love of God;
O that it now were ſhed abroad
In each poor ſtony Heart!
For Love I'd ſigh, for Love I'd pine,
This only Portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine this better Part!

O that we could for ever ſit,
With Mary, at the Maſter's Feet,
Be this our happy Choice!
Our only Care, Delight, and Bliſs,
Our Joy, our Heav'n on Earth, be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's Voice.

Thy only Love may we require,
Nothing on Earth beneath Deſire,
Nothing in Heav'n above;
Let Earth and all its Trifles go,
Give us, O Lord, thy Love to know,
Give us thy precious Love.

Com-

HYMN LXXXVII.

Commit thy Way unto the Lord, &c.

COME, my Soul, before the Lamb,
Fall and do him Rev'rence;
Bleſs him for his Blood and Name,
Sing his great Deliv'rance.

Why ſhould Sorrow bow thee down,
Trials or Temptation?
Is not Chriſt upon the Throne,
Still thy ſtrong Salvation?

Caſt thy Burdens on the Lord,
Leave them with thy Saviour?
He (whoſe Hands for thee were bor'd)
Can and will deliver.

Turn thee to thy Reſt, my Soul,
Turn thee and diſcover
How he yet is merciful,
Turn thee to thy Lover.

Bluſh that thou haſt him forgot,
Who can happy make thee;
Gaze upon him who thee bought,
'Till to him he takes thee.

Leave thy earthly Cares behind,
Mind alone thy Saviour;
Count thou all beſide but Wind,
Trample on it ever.

HYMN LXXXVIII.

The Chriſtian Race.

AWAKE our Souls (away our Fears,
Let every trembling Thought be gone)
Awake and run the heav'nly Race,
And put a chearful Courage on.

True 'tis a ſtrait and thorny Road,
And mortal Spirits tire and faint;
But we forget the mighty God,
That feeds the Strength of ev'ry Saint.

O mighty God, thy matchleſs Pow'r
Is ever new and ever young;
And firm endures, while endleſs Years
Their everlaſtig Circles run.

From thee, the overflowing Spring,
Believers drink a freſh Supply,
While ſuch as truſt their native Strength,
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

Swift as an Eagle cuts the Air,
Oh may we mount to thine Abode!
On Wings of Love, to Jeſus fly,
Nor tire amidſt the heav'nly Road!

HYMN LXXXIX.

We love him becauſe he firſt loved us.

OF him who did Salvation bring,
Lord may we ever think and ſing!
Ariſe, ye guilty, he'll forgive;
Ariſe, ye needy, he'll relieve.

Eternal

Eternal Lord, Almighty King,
All Heav'n doth with thy Triumphs ring;
Thou conquer'ſt all beneath, above,
Devils with Force, and Men with Love.

To ſhame our Sins, Chriſt bluſh'd in Blood,
He clos'd his Eyes to ſhew us God,
Let all the Word fall down and know,
That none but God ſuch Love could ſhow.

HYMN XC.

Perſevering Grace.

TO God the only wiſe,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the Saints below the Skies
Their humble Praiſes bring.

'Tis his Almighty Love,
His Counſel and his Care,
Preſerves us ſafe from Sin and Death,
And ev'ry hurtful Snare.

He will preſent his Saints,
Unblemiſh'd and compleat,
Before the Glory of his Face,
With Joys divinely great.

Then all the choſen Seed
Shall meet around the Throne,
Shall bleſs the Conduct of his Grace,
And make his Wonders known.

To our Redeemer God,
Wiſdom and Pow'r belongs,
Immortal Crowns of Majeſty,
And everlaſting Songs.

HYMN XCI.

To Jeſus Chriſt.

O Thou in whom the Gentiles truſt,
Thou only holy, only juſt,
Oh tune our Souls to praiſe thy Name,
Jeſus! unchangeable, the ſame!

If Angels, whilſt to thee they ſing,
Wrap up their Faces in their Wing,
How ſhall we ſinful Duſt draw nigh
The great, the awful Deity!

Glory to thee, auſpicious Lamb!
Thou holy Lord, thou great I Am;
With all our Pow'r, thy Grace we bleſs,
Our Joy, our Peace, our Righteouſneſs.

Live, ever glorious Jeſus! live,
Worthy all Bleſſings to receive!
Worthy on high enthron'd to ſit
With ev'ry Pow'r beneath thy Feet.

HYMN XCII.

Unfruitfulneſs.

LONG have we ſet beneath the Sound
Of thy Salvation, Lord,
But ſtill how weak our Faith is found,
And Knowledge of thy Word!

Oft we frequent thy holy Place,
Yet hear almoſt in vain:
How ſmall a Portion of thy Grace
Do our falſe Hearts retain!

Our

Our gracious Saviour and our God,
How little art thou known,
By all the Judgments of thy Rod,
And Bleſſings of thy Throne?

How cold and feeble is our Love,
How negligent our Fear!
How low our Hope of Joys above,
How few Affections there!

Great God, thy ſov'reign Aid impart,
To give thy Word Succeſs;
Write thy Salvation on our Hearts,
And make us learn thy Grace.

Shew our forgetful Feet the way
That leads to Joys on high;
Where Knowledge grows without Decay,
And Love ſhall never die.

HYMN XCIII.

The Church a Garden.

ZION's a Garden wall'd around,
Choſen, and made peculiar Ground;
A little Spot enclos'd by Grace,
Out of the World's wide Wilderneſs.

Like Spicy Trees, Believers ſtand,
Planted by an Almighty Hand;
And all the Springs in Zion flow,
To make the rich Plantation grow.

Awake, O heav'nly Wind, and come,
Blow on this Garden of Perfume;

Spirit divine, deſcend, and breathe
A gracious Gale on Plants beneath.

Make thou our Spices flow abroad,
A grateful Incenſe to our God;
Let Faith, and Love, and Joy appear,
And ev'ry Grace be active here.

HYMN XCIV.

Redemption found.

HOLY Lamb, who thee receive,
Who in thee begin to live,
Day and Night they cry to thee,
As thou art, ſo let us be.

Fix, O fix each wav'ring Mind,
To thy Croſs our Spirit bind;
Earthly Paſſions far remove,
Swallow up our Souls in Love.

Duſt and Aſhes tho' we be,
Full of Guilt and Miſery;
Thine we are, thou Son of God,
Take the Purchaſe of thy Blood.

Boundleſs Wiſdom, Power divine,
Love unſpeakable are thine;
Praiſe by all to thee be giv'n,
Sons of Earth and Hoſts of Heav'n.

HYMN XCV.

Complaining of ſpiritual Sloth.

OUR drowſy Pow'rs, why ſleep ye ſo?
Awake each ſluggiſh Soul;

Nothing has half our Work to do,
Yet nothing's half ſo dull.

The little Ants, for one poor Grain,
Labour, and tug, and ſtrive;
Yet we, who have a Heav'n t'obtain,
How negligent we live!

We, for whom God the Son came down,
And labour'd for our Good,
How careleſs to ſecure that Crown
He purchas'd with his Blood!

Lord, ſhall we lie ſo ſluggiſh ſtill,
And never act our Parts?
Come, holy Dove, from th' heav'nly Hill,
And ſit and warm our Hearts.

Then ſhall our active Spirits move,
Upward our Souls ſhall riſe,
With Hands of Faith and Wings of Love,
We'll fly and take the Prize.

HYMN XCVI.

CHRIST's Righteouſneſs imputed to Believers.

HAPPY he who e'er believes
The Embaſſy of Peace,
Who at Jeſu's Hand receives
The Gift of Righteouſneſs:
God is his Salvation's God,
The Lord is his Almighty Shield;
He with Grace ſhall be endow'd,
And then with Glory fill'd.

Did the Sin of Adam ſlay,
And ruin all his Race?
Jeſus takes our Sins away,
By ſuff'ring in our Place:
He perform'd what God requir'd,
And anſwer'd all the Law demands;
In his Righteouſneſs attir'd,
The true Believer ſtands.

Moſes, at a Diſtance, ſaw
This Righteouſneſs divine;
In the firſt Volume of the Law,
How clearly doth it ſhine!
Holy Men, and Prophets old,
Beheld from far the bleeding Lamb,
Of his Righteouſneſs foretold,
And truſted in the ſame.

How perverſely did the Jews
His Righteouneſs diſcard!
Shall we then his Love abuſe,
And ſlight his great Reward?
Of the Law he is the End,
And after we have done our beſt,
On his Grace we muſt depend,
And in his Merits reſt.

What a Myſtery of Love,
In God's Deſigns appears!
Jeſus coming from above,
Our Sin and Torment bears:
God imputes Man's Sins to him;
Imputes to Man his Righteouſneſs;
Guilty he doth Chriſt eſteem,
And guiltleſs us confeſs.

God's

HYMN XCVII.

God's Condeſcention to our Worſhip.

THY Favours, Lord, ſurprize our Souls;
Will the Eternal dwell with us?
What can'ſt thou find beneath the Poles,
To tempt thy Chariot downward thus?

Still might he fill his ſtarry Throne,
And pleaſe his Ears with Gabriel's Songs;
But th' heav'nly Majeſty comes down,
And bows to hearken to our Tongues.

Great God! what poor Returns we pay,
For Love ſo infinite as thine?
Words are but Air, and Tongues but Clay;
But thy Compaſſion's all divine.

HYMN XCVIII.

The ſame.

UP to the Lord, that reigns on high,
And views the Nations from afar,
Let everlaſting Praiſes fly,
And tell how large his Bounties are.

He that can ſhake the Worlds he made,
Or with his Word, or with his Rod,
His Goodneſs, how amazing great!
And what a condeſcending God!

Our Sorrows and our Tears we pour
Into the Boſom of our God;
He hears us in the mournful Hour,
And helps us bear the heavy Load.

Oh ! could our thankful Hearts deviſe
A Tribute equal to thy Grace,
To the third Heav'n our Songs ſhould riſe,
And teach the golden Harps thy Praiſe.

HYMN XCIX.

Fervency of Devotion deſired.

COME, holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quickning Pow'rs,
Kindle a Flame of ſacred Love
In theſe cold Hearts of ours.

Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of theſe earthly Toys;
Our Souls how heavily they go
To reach eternal Joys!

In vain we tune our formal Songs;
In vain we ſtrive to riſe;
Hoſannas languiſh on our Tongues,
And our Devotion dies.

Dear Lord! and ſhall we ever live
At this poor dying Rate;
Our Love ſo faint, ſo cold to thee,
And thine to us ſo great?

Come, holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning Pow'rs;
Come, ſhed abroad a Saviour's Love,
And that ſhall kindle ours.

HYMN C.

The ſame.

TO praiſe redeeming Love,
Dear Chriſtians, lend a Voice;
Come thou diviner Dove,
And help us to rejoice!
Our Hearts, too low,
Lord, thou canſt raiſe;
Bleſt Spirit, blow,
And we ſhall praiſe.

Here, Lord, may we admire
The Riches of thy Grace,
'Till thou ſhalt call us higher,
There to behold thy Face:
Oh Height of Grace!
Oh Depth of Love!
Lord, fit us for
Our Place above.

Who can thy Love expreſs?
Thy Mercy ne'er decays!
What can our Souls do leſs
Than love thee all our Days?
Bleſs God, each Soul,
Even unto Death;
And write a Song
For every Breath.

HYMN CI.

Praiſe to God for Creation and Redemption.

LET them neglect thy Glory, Lord,
Who never knew thy Grace;
But our loud Song ſhall ſtill record
The Wonders of thy Praiſe.

We raiſe our Shouts, O God, to thee,
And ſend them to thy Throne;
All Glory to th'united three,
The undivided one.

'Twas he (and we'll adore his Name)
That form'd us by a Word;
'Tis he reſtores our ruin'd Frame,
Salvation to the Lord!

Hoſanna! let the Earth and Skies
Repeat the joyful Sound;
Rocks, Hills, and Vales reflect the Voice
In one eternal Round.

HYMN CII.

The Faithfulneſs of God in the Promiſes.

BEGIN, my Tongue, ſome heav'nly Theme,
And ſpeak ſome boundleſs Thing,
The mighty Works, or mightier Name,
Of our Eternal King.

Tell of his wond'rous Faithfulneſs,
And ſound his Pow'r abroad,

Sing the ſweet Promiſe of his Grace,
And the performing God.

Proclaim Salvation from the Lord,
For wretched dying Men;
His Hand hath writ the ſacred Word
With an immortal Pen.

Engrav'd as in eternal Braſs,
The mighty Promiſe ſhines;
Nor can the Pow'rs of Darkneſs raze
Thoſe everlaſting Lines.

O might we hear thine heav'nly Tongue
But whiſper, Thou art mine!
Thoſe gentle Words ſhould raiſe my Song
To Notes almoſt divine.

How would our leaping Heart rejoice,
And think our Heav'n ſecure!
Give us to hear thy gracious Voice,
And Faith deſires no more.

HYMN CIII.

Reſurrection of Chriſt.

BLESS'D Morning, whoſe young dawning Rays
Beheld our riſing God;
That ſaw him triumph o'er the Duſt,
And leave his laſt Abode!

In the cold Priſon of a Tomb,
The dead Redeemer lay,
'Till the revolving Skies had brought
The third, th'appointed Day.

Hell

Hell and the Grave unite their Force,
To hold our God in vain;
The ſleeping Conqu'ror aroſe,
And burſt their feeble Chain.

To thy great Name, Almighty Lord,
Theſe ſacred Hours we pay,
And loud Hoſannas ſhall proclaim
The Triumph of the Day.

Salvation and immortal Praiſe,
To our victorious King;
Let Heav'n, and Earth, and Rocks, and Seas,
With glad Hoſannas ring.

HYMN CIV.

Praiſe to the Redeemer.

PLUNG'D in a Gulph of dark Deſpair,
We wretched Sinners lay,
Without one chearful Beam of Hope,
Or Spark of glimm'ring Day.

With pitying Eyes, the Prince of Grace,
Beheld our helpleſs Grief;
He ſaw, and (O amazing Love!)
He ran to our Relief.

Down from the ſhining Seats above,
With joyful Haſte he fled,
Enter'd the Grave in mortal Fleſh,
And dwelt among the Dead.

Oh! for this Love let Rocks and Hills
Their laſting Silence break,

And all harmonious human Tongues,
The Saviour's Praiſes ſpeak.

Angels aſſiſt our mighty Joys,
Strike all your Harps of Gold;
But when you raiſe your higheſt Notes
His Love can ne'er be told.

HYMN CV.

Paſſion and Exaltation of CHRIST.

COME, all harmonious Tongues,
Your nobleſt Muſic bring;
'Tis Chriſt the everlaſting God,
And Chriſt the Man, we ſing.

Tell how he took our Fleſh,
To take away our Guilt;
Sing the dear Drops of ſacred Blood,
That helliſh Monſters ſpilt.

Down to the Shades of Death
He bow'd his awful Head;
Yet he aroſe to live and reign,
When Death itſelf is dead.

No more the bloody Spear,
The Croſs and Nails no more;
For Hell itſelf ſhakes at his Name,
And all the Heav'ns adore.

There the Redeemer ſits,
High on the Father's Throne;
The Father lays his Vengeance by,
And ſmiles upon his Son.

HYMN CVI.

The Glory of Chriſt in Heaven.

OH the Delights, the heav'nly Joys,
The Glories of the Place,
Where Jeſus ſheds the brighteſt Beams
Of his o'erflowing Grace.

Sweet Majeſty and awful Love,
Sit ſmiling on his Brow,
And all the glorious Ranks above
At humble Diſtance bow.

His Head, the dear majeſtic Head,
That cruel Thorns did wound,
See what immortal Glories ſhine,
And circle it around!

This is the Man, th' exalted Man,
Whom we, unſeen, adore;
But when our Eyes behold his Face,
Our Hearts ſhall love him more.

Lord, ſet our Spirits all on Fire
To ſee thy bleſs'd Abode;
And tune our Tongues to ſing the Praiſe
Of our incarnate God!

HYMN CVII.

Look on him whom they pierced, and mourn.

INFINITE Grief! amazing Woe!
Behold our bleeding Lord;
Hell and the Jews conſpir'd his Death,
And us'd the Roman Sword.

Oh

Oh the ſharp Pangs of ſmarting Pain,
Our dear Redeemer bore,
When knotty Whips, and ragged Thorns,
His ſacred Body tore!

But knotty Whips, and ragged Thorns,
In vain do we accuſe;
In vain we blame the Roman Bands,
And the more ſpiteful Jews.

'Twere you, our Sins, our cruel Sins,
His chief Tormentors were;
Each of our Crimes became a Nail,
And Unbelief the Spear.

'Twere you that pull'd the Vengeance down,
Upon his guiltleſs Head:
Break, break, our Hearts, oh burſt theſe Eyes,
And let our Sorrows bleed.

Strike, mighty Grace, each flinty Soul,
'Till melting Waters flow,
And deep Repentance drown our Eyes
In undiſſembled Woe.

HYMN CVIII.

The ſame.

ALAS! and did our Saviour bleed?
And did our Sov'reign die?
Would he devote that ſacred Head
For ſuch a Worm as I?

Was it for Crimes that I had done,
He groan'd upon the Tree?
Amazing Pity! Grace unknown,
And Love beyond Degree.

Well might the Sun in Darkneſs hide,
And ſhut his Glories in,
When God the mighty Maker dy'd,
For Man the Creature's Sin.

Thus might I hide my bluſhing Face.
While his dear Croſs appears;
Diſſolve my Heart in Thankfulneſs,
And melt my Eyes to Tears.

But Drops of Grief can ne'er repay
The Debt of Love I owe;
May I here give myſelf away!
'Tis all that I can do.

HYMN CIX.

The ſame.

IS there a Thing beneath the Sky,
Can Comfort bring, or ſatisfy,
But our dear Saviour's Wounds?
Here is a ſweet and conſtant Peace,
A Treaſure full of richeſt Grace,
All elſe are empty Sounds.

Attend, my Soul, ſink down with Shame
Before his Face, who only came
To ſuffer, bleed, and die:
O think upon thy Sin, and Guilt,
For which his precious Blood was ſpilt,
Thou didſt him crucify.

See, thou vile Piece of ſinful Duſt,
Thy deareſt Lord ſweat for thy Luſt,
'Till Drops of Blood fall down
See how he yonder proſtrate lies!
Obſerve his mournful Pray'r and Cries,
Mark every Tear and Groan.

See thy dear Lord dragg'd like a Thief,
Amidſt Contempt, and Stripes, and Grief,
For thee a Sacrifice:
Faſten'd unto the ſhameful Wood,
Deſpis'd by Men, and bath'd in Blood;
So dear thy Ranſom Price!

Lord, doſt thou ſuffer thus for me?
Doſt thou feel all this Miſery
To give me Life and Peace?
Then let me bear it on my Heart,
My All is purchas'd with thy Smart,
Thy Blood ſigns my Releaſe.

HYMN CX.

Diſtinguiſhing Love; or Angels puniſh'd, and Man ſaved.

DOWN headlong from the native Skies
The Rebel-Angels fell!
And Thunder-Bolts of flaming Wrath
Purſu'd them deep to Hell.

Down from the Top of earthly Bliſs
Rebellious Man was hurl'd;
And Jeſus ſtoop'd beneath the Grave,
To reach a ſinking World.

Oh Love of infinite Degrees!
Unmeaſurable Grace!
Muſt Heav'n's eternal Darling die,
To ſave a trait'rous Race?

Muſt Angels ſink for ever down,
And burn in quenchleſs Fire;
While God forſakes his ſhining Throne
To raiſe us Wretches higher?

Oh for this Love, let Earth and Skies
With Hallelujahs ring.
And the full Choir of human Tongues
All Hallelujahs ſing.

HYMN CXI.

CHRIST's Commiſſion.

COME, happy Souls, approach your God
With new melodious Songs;
Come, tender to Almighty Grace
The Tributes of your Tongues.

So ſtrange, ſo boundleſs was the Love,
That pity'd dying Men,
The Father ſent his equal Son,
To give them Life again.

Thy Hands, dear Jeſus, were not arm'd
With a revenging Rod;
No hard Commiſſion to perform
The Vengeance of a God.

But all was Mercy, all was mild,
And Wrath forſook the Throne,
When Chriſt on the kind Errand came,
And brought Salvation down.

Here, Sinners, you may heal your Wounds,
And wipe your Sorrows dry;
Truſt in the mighty Saviour's Name,
And you ſhall never die.

O deareſt Lord, melt down our Souls
T' accept thine offer'd Grace;
Then will we bleſs the Saviour's Love,
And give the Father Praiſe.

The

HYMN CXII.

The ſame.

RAISE your triumphant Songs
To an immortal Tune;
Let the wide Earth reſound the Deeds
Celeſtial Grace has done.

Sing how eternal Love
Its chief Beloved choſe,
And bid him raiſe our wretched Race
From their Abyſs of Woes.

His Hand no Thunder bears,
Nor Terror cloaths his Brow;
No Bolts to drive our guilty Souls
To fiercer Flames below.

'Twas Mercy fill'd the Throne,
And Wrath ſtood ſilent by,
When Chriſt was ſent with Pardons down
To Rebels doom'd to die.

Now, Sinners, dry your Tears,
Let hopeleſs Sorrow ceaſe;
Bow to the Sceptre of his Love,
And take the offer'd Peace.

Lord, we obey the Call;
We lay an humble Claim
To the Salvation thou haſt brought,
And love and praiſe thy Name.

HYMN CXIII.

Behold I ſtand at the Door and knock, &c.

WE magnify thy Grace, O Lord,
How plenteouſly haſt thou prepar'd
A Supper for thy Saints!
All Things are ready, thou haſt ſaid,
A Table thou haſt richly ſpread,
To anſwer all our Wants.

Now, Lord, allure our Souls to thee,
O kindly bid us come and ſee,
And taſte how good thou art;
Knock with the Hammer of thy Word,
Knock by thy pow'rful Spirit, Lord,
Lord, break into each Heart.

Darkneſs and Unbelief remove,
And raviſh all our Souls with Love,
Caſt out the Pow'r of Sin;
Jeſus, attend our feeble Pray'r,
And for thyſelf our Hearts prepare,
Come in, our Lord, come in.

Let Comfort, Love, and Joy, and Peace,
Like Rivers flow, and ſtill increaſe,
Unto the Ocean driv'n:
Lord, condeſcend to ſup with me,
And grant I now may ſup with thee,
And ſup at laſt in Heav'n.

HYMN CXIV.

Repentance flowing from the Patience of God.

AND are we Wretches yet alive?
And do we yet rebel?
'Tis boundless, 'tis amazing Love,
That bears us up from Hell.

The Burden of our weighty Guilt
Would sink us down to Flames,
And threat'ning Vengeance rolls above,
To crush our feeble Frames.

Almighty Goodness cries, Forbear,
And strait the Thunder stays;
And dare we now provoke his Wrath,
And weary out his Grace?

Lord, we have long abus'd thy Love,
Too long indulg'd our Sin;
Oh that our Hearts might bleed, to see
What Rebels we have been!

No more, our Lusts, may ye command,
No more may we obey;
Stretch out, O God, thy conqu'ring Hand,
And drive thy Foes away.

HYMN CXV.

Access to the Throne of Grace by a Mediator.

COME, let us lift our joyful Eyes
Up to the Courts above,

And ſmile to ſee our Father there,
Upon a Throne of Love.

Once 'twas a Seat of dreadful Wrath,
And ſhot devouring Flame;
Our God appear'd conſuming Fire,
And Vengeance was his Name.

Rich were the Drops of Jeſu's Blood,
That calm'd his frowning Face,
That ſprinkl'd o'er the burning Throne,
And turn'd the Wrath to Grace.

Now we may bow before his Feet,
And venture near the Lord;
No fiery Cherub guards his Seat,
No double-flaming Sword.

The peaceful Gates of heav'nly Bliſs
Are open'd by the Son;
High let us raiſe our Notes of Praiſe,
And reach th' Almighty Throne.

To thee ten thouſand Thanks we bring,
Great Advocate on high;
And Glory to th' eternal King,
That lays his Fury by.

HYMN CXVI.

The Darkneſs of Providence.

LORD, we adore thy vaſt Deſigns,
Th' obſcure Abyſs of Providence,
Too deep to ſound with mortal Lines,
Too dark to view with feeble Senſe.

Now thou array'ſt thine awful Face,
In angry Frowns, without a Smile;
Saints thro' the Cloud believe thy Grace,
Secure of thy Compaſſion ſtill.

Through Seas and Storms of deep Diſtreſs,
They ſail by Faith, and not by Sight;
Faith guides them in the Wilderneſs,
Thro' all the Briars and the Night.

Dear Father, if thy lifted Rod
Reſolve to ſcourge us here below,
Still we muſt lean upon our God,
Thine Arm ſhall bear us ſafely thro'.

HYMN CXVII.

The Prieſthood of CHRIST.

BLOOD has a Voice to pierce the Skies,
Revenge, the Blood of Abel cries:
But the dear Stream, when Chriſt was ſlain,
Speaks Peace as loud from ev'ry Vein.

Pardon and Peace, from God on high;
Behold, he lays his Vengeance by;
And Rebels that deſerve his Sword,
Become the Fav'rites of the Lord.

To Jeſus let our Praiſes riſe,
Who gave his Life a Sacrifice;
Now he appears before our God,
And for our Pardon pleads his Blood.

HYMN CXVIII.

The Benefit of Publick Ordinances.

AWAY from ev'ry mortal Care,
Away from Earth our Souls retreat;
We leave this worthleſs World afar,
And wait and worſhip near thy Seat.

Lord, in the Temple of thy Grace,
We ſee thy Feet, and we adore;
We gaze upon thy lovely Face,
And learn the Wonders of thy Pow'r.

While here our various Wants we mourn,
United Groans aſcend on high;
And Prayer bears a quick Return
Of Bleſſings in Variety.

Father, our Souls would ſtill abide
Within thy Temple, near thy Side;
But, if our Feet muſt hence depart,
Still keep thy Dwelling in my Heart.

HYMN CXIX.

Infant Baptiſm.

THUS did the Sons of Abr'ham paſs
Under the bloody Seal of Grace;
The young Diſciples bore the Yoke,
'Till Chriſt the painful Bondage broke.

By milder Ways doth Jeſus prove
His Father's Cov'nant and his Love;
He ſeals to Saints his glorious Grace;
And not forbids their Infant-Race.

Their

Their Seed is ſprinkled with his Blood,
Their Children ſet apart for God;
His Spirit on their Offſpring ſhed,
Like Water pour'd upon the Head.

Let ev'ry Saint with chearful Voice
In this large Covenant rejoice;
Young Children, in their early Days,
Shall give the God of Abrah'm Praiſe.

HYMN CXX.

The Offices of CHRIST.

WE bleſs the Prophet of the Lord,
That comes with Truth and Grace;
Jeſus, thy Spirit and thy Word,
Shall lead us in thy Ways.

We rev'rence our High Prieſt above,
Who offer'd up his Blood,
And lives to carry on his Love,
By pleading with our God.

We honour our exalted King;
How ſweet are his Commands!
He guards our Souls from Hell and Sin,
By his Almighty Hands.

Hoſanna to his glorious Name,
Who ſaves by diff'rent Ways;
His Mercies lay a ſov'reign Claim
To our immortal Praiſe.

Faith

HYMN CXXI.

Faith in CHRIST our Sacrifice.

NOT all the Blood of Beasts
On Jewish Altars slain,
Could give the guilty Conscience Peace,
Or wash away the Stain.

But Christ, the heav'nly Lamb,
Takes all our Sins away;
A Sacrifice of nobler Name,
And richer Blood than they.

My Faith would lay her Hand
On that dear Head of thine,
While like a Penitent I stand,
And there confess my Sin.

My Soul looks back to see
The Burdens thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursed Tree,
And hopes her Guilt was there.

Believing, we rejoice
To see the Curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with chearful Voice,
And sing his bleeding Love.

HYMN CXXII.

God reconciled in Christ.

DEAREST of all the Names above,
Our Jesus and our God,
Who can resist thy heav'nly Love,
Or trifle with thy Blood?

'Tis by the Merits of thy Death,
The Father smiles again;
'Tis by thine interceding Breath
The Spirit dwells with Men.

'Till God in human Flesh I see,
My Thoughts no Comfort find;
The holy, just, and sacred three
Are Terrors to my Mind.

But if Emmanuel's Face appear,
My Hope, my Joy begins;
His Name forbids my slavish Fear,
His Grace removes my Sins.

While Jews on their own Law rely,
And Greeks of Wisdom boast,
I love th' incarnate Mystery,
And there I fix my Trust.

HYMN CXXIII.

For New Year's Day.

THE Lord of Earth and Sky,
The God of Ages praiſe,
Who reigns enthron'd on high,
Ancient of endleſs Days;
Who lengthens out our Trial here,
And ſpares us yet another Year.

Barren and wither'd Trees,
We cumber'd long the Ground,
No Fruit of Holineſs
On our dead Souls was found;
Yet doth he us in Mercy ſpare,
Another, and another Year.

When Juſtice bar'd the Sword
To cut the Fig-Tree down,
The Pity of our Lord
Cry'd, Let it ſtill alone.
The Father mild inclines his Ear,
And ſpares us yet another Year.

Jeſus, thy ſpeaking Blood
From God obtain'd the Grace,
Who therefore hath beſtow'd
On us a longer Space:
Thou didſt in our Behalf appear,
And lo, we ſee another Year!

Then dig about our Root,
Break up our fallow Ground,
And let our gracious Fruit
To thy great Praiſe abound:

O let

O let us all thy Praiſe declare,
And Fruit unto Perfection bear.

HYMN CXXIV.

Adult-Baptiſm.

DESCEND, celeſtial Dove!
In ev'ry Boſom dwell;
Upon the preſent Water move,
While we the Influence feel.

Anoint with holy Fire,
Baptize with purging Flames
This Soul, and with thy Grace inſpire,
In ceaſeleſs living Streams.

Thy heav'nly Unction give,
Thy Promiſe, Lord, fulfil,
Give Pow'r thy Spirit to receive,
And Strength to do thy Will.

Thy Ord'nance we obey,
O meet us in the ſame;
And with this Water now convey
The Virtues of thy Name.

Witneſs to this thy Sign,
And grant the inward Grace;
Let this thy Servant ſeal'd for thine,
From hence depart in Peace.

HYMN CXXV.

Humiliation.

LORD, we are vile, conceiv'd in Sin,
And born unholy and unclean;

Sprung from the Man, whoſe guilty Fall
Corrupts the Race, and taints us all.

Soon as we draw our Infant-Breath,
The Seeds of Sin grow up for Death;
Thy Law demands a perfect Heart,
But we're defil'd in every Part.

Behold! we fall before thy Face,
Our only Refuge is thy Grace;
No outward Forms can make us clean,
The Leproſy lies deep within.

Jeſus, our God, thy Blood alone
Hath Pow'r ſufficient to atone;
Lord, let us hear thy pard'ning Voice,
And make our down-caſt Heart rejoice.

HYMN CXXVI.

The ſame.

LORD, we would ſpread our ſore Diſtreſs
And Guilt before thine Eyes;
Againſt thy Laws, againſt thy Grace,
How high our Crimes ariſe!

Shouldſt thou condemn our Souls to Hell,
And cruſh our Fleſh to Duſt,
Heav'n would approve thy Vengeance well,
And Earth muſt own it juſt.

Cleanſe us, O Lord, and chear each Soul
With thy forgiving Love;
O make our broken Spirits whole,
And bid our Pains remove.

Let

Let not thy Spirit quite depart,
Nor drive us from thy Face,
Create a-new our vicious Hearts,
And fill them with thy Grace.

HYMN CXXVII.

At the Death of a Believer.

WHY do we mourn departing Friends,
Or ſhake at Death's Alarms?
'Tis but the Voice that Jeſus ſends
To call them to his Arms.

Are we not tending upward too,
As faſt as Time can move?
Why ſhould we wiſh the Hours more ſlow
That keep us from our Love?

Why ſhould we tremble to convey
Their Bodies to the Tomb?
There the dear Fleſh of Jeſus lay,
And left a ſweet Perfume.

The Graves of all his Saints he bleſs'd,
And ſoft'ned every Bed;
Where ſhould the dying Members reſt
But with their dying Head?

Thence he aroſe, aſcending high,
And ſhew'd our Feet the Way,
Up to the Lord our Fleſh ſhall fly
At the great riſing Day.

HYMN CXXVIII.

Funeral.

TEACH me the Meaſure of my Days,
Thou Maker of my Frame;
I would ſurvey Life's narrow Space,
And learn how frail I am.

A Span is all that we can boaſt,
An Inch or two of Time;
Man is but Vanity and Duſt
In all his Flower and Prime.

See the vain Race of Mortals move,
Like Shadows o'er the Plain,
They rage, and ſtrive, deſire and love,
But all their Noiſe is vain.

Some walk in Honour's gaudy Show,
Some dig for golden Ore;
They toil for Heirs they know not who,
And ſtrait are ſeen no more.

We are but Strangers here below,
As all our Fathers were;
May we be well prepar'd to go,
When we the Summons hear!

HYMN CXXIX.

The ſame.

MY Soul, come meditate the Day,
And think how near it ſtands,

When

When thou muſt quit this Houſe of Clay,
And fly to unknown Lands.

Oh could we die with thoſe that die,
And place us in their Stead!
Then would our Spirits learn to fly,
And converſe with the Dead.

Then ſhould we ſee the Saints above
In their own glorious Forms,
And wonder why our Souls ſhould love
To dwell with mortal Worms.

HYMN CXXX.

O come let us ſing unto the Lord.

DISCIPLES of Chriſt,
Ye Friends of the Lamb,
Attend and aſſiſt
In ſinging his Fame:
Eternal Thankſgiving
The Faithful ſhould pay,
The living, the living,
As we do this Day.

A Body of Clay
He humbly put on,
And then took away
The Sin we had done:
And in it endured
The Wrath to us due,
The Curſe we incurred,
Our Stripes and our Woe.

Nor only he died,
But alſo aroſe,
Laid Weakneſs aſide,
And over his Foes,
(Sin, Death, and the Devil)
He triumphed o'er,
And every Evil,
Dominion and Pow'r.

O merciful Lamb,
Who ſits on the Throne,
We bow at thy Name,
We count thee alone
Deſerving our Bleſſing,
And Bleſſing we'll give,
Without ever ceaſing
So long as we live.

HYMN CXXXI.

For the fifth of November.

SHOUT to the Lord, and let our Joys
Thro' the whole Nation run;
Ye Britiſh Skies, reſound the Noiſe
Beyond the riſing Sun.

Thee, mighty God, our Souls admire,
Thee our glad Voices ſing,
And join with the celeſtial Choir
To praiſe th' eternal King.

Thy Pow'r the whole Creation rules,
And on the ſtarry Skies
Sits ſmiling at the weak Deſigns
Thine envious Foes deviſe.

Thy

Thy Scorn derides their feeble Rage,
And with an awful Frown
Flings vaſt Confuſion on their Plots,
And ſhakes their Babel down.

Almighty Grace defends our Land
From their malicious Pow'r;
Let Britain with united Songs
Almighty Grace adore.

HYMN CXXXII.

A Song of Praiſe to GOD from Great Britain.

NATURE with all her Pow'rs ſhall ſing
God the Creator and the King;
Nor Air, nor Earth, nor Skies, nor Seas,
Deny the Tribute of their Praiſe.

Begin to make his Glories known,
Ye Seraphs that ſit near his Throne;
Tune your Harps high, and ſpread the Sound
To the Creation's utmoſt Bound.

All mortal Things of meaner Frame
Exert your Force, and own his Name;
Whilſt with our Souls and with our Voice
We ſing his Honours and our Joys.

He builds and guards the Britiſh Throne,
And makes it gracious like his own;
Makes our ſucceſſive Princes kind,
And gives our Dangers to the Wind.

Raiſe monumental Praiſes high
To him that thunders thro' the Sky;
The ſtrongeſt Notes that Angels raiſe
Faint in the Worſhip and the Praiſe.

At Diſmiſſion.

NO farther go To-night, but ſtay,
Dear Saviour, till the Break of Day:
Turn in, dear Lord, with me;
And in the Morning when I wake,
Me in thine Arms, my Jeſus, take,
And I'll go on with thee.

The ſame.

I Will lay me down to ſleep,
And ſafely take my Reſt;
Me commend to Jeſu's Grace,
And as upon his Breaſt,
So, if Jeſus pleaſe, I'll ſleep,
While Troops of Angels are my Guard,
O, my Shepherd, love and keep,
And be my great Reward.

The ſame.

NONE but Jeſus will we ſing,
None elſe will we adore;
He our Prophet, Prieſt, and King,
Shall be for evermore.
None among the heav'nly Pow'rs,
Nor one on Earth, our Praiſe may claim;
None but Jeſus call we ours,
None but the bleeding Lamb!

Gloria Patri.

PRAISE God, from whom all Bleſſings.
Praiſe him all Creatures here below;
Praiſe him above, ye heav'nly Hoſt,
Praiſe Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
One God whom we adore;
Be Glory as it was, is now,
And ſhall be evermore.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
One God whom we adore;
Join we with the heav'nly Hoſt
To praiſe thee evermore.
Live by Heav'n and Earth ador'd,
Three in one, and one in three,
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
All Glory be to thee.

SING we to our God above,
Praiſe, eternal as his Love:
Praiſe him, all ye heav'nly Hoſt,
Father, Son, and holy Ghoſt.

TO God who reigns enthron'd on high,
To his dear Son, who deign'd to die,
Our Guilt and Miſery to remove,
To that bleſt Sp'rit who Life imparts,
Who rules in all believing Hearts,
Be endleſs Glory, Praiſe, and Love.

TO Father, Son, and holy Ghoſt,
Be Praiſe amidſt the heav'nly Hoſt,
And in the Church below;
From whom all Creatures drew their Birth,
By whom Redemption bleſt the Earth,
From whom all Comforts flow.

GIVE to the Father Praiſe,
Give Glory to the Son,
And to the Spirit of his Grace
Be equal Honour done.

TO God the Father's Throne,
Perpetual Honours raiſe;
Glory to God the Son,
To God the Spirit Praiſe:
With all our Pow'rs,
Eternal King,
Thy Name we ſing,
While Faith adores.

HYMNS

FOR

SOCIETY, and Perſons meeting in Chriſtian-Fellowſhip.

HYMN I.

For SOCIETY.

WHO can have greater Cauſe to ſing,
Who greater Cauſe to bleſs,
Than we the Children of the King,
Than we who Chriſt poſſeſs,
Than we who Chriſt poſſeſs,
Than we who Chriſt poſſeſs?

With Angel-Hoſts, dear Lamb, we join
To praiſe thy Love and Pow'r,
To magnify thy Grace divine,
Thou mighty Counſellor,
Thou mighty Counſellor,
Thou mighty Counſellor!

We late were Satan's Captives led;
And Hell had been our End,
Hadſt thou not for our Pardon bled,
Thou Sinners only Friend,
Thou Sinners only Friend,
Thou Sinners only Friend.

For this we ne'er will hold our Tongue,
Nor ſhall our Praiſes ceaſe;
We evermore will ſing that Song,
The Lord our Righteouſneſs,
The Lord our Righteouſneſs,
The Lord our Righteouſneſs.

No other God we know but thee,
None elſe did us create;
Thy Glory may we ever be,
O holy Advocate;
O holy Advocate,
O holy Advocate.

'Twas thou, 'twas only thou didſt take
The Mediator's Place,
When we the Father's Statutes brake,
All hail thou Prince of Peace!
All hail thou Prince of Peace!
All hail thou Prince of Peace!

We daily prove thee [illegible] the ſame,
Whene'er our Need we ſee;
Thou bearest ſtill a Saviour's Name,
Our Saviour thou ſhalt be!
Our Saviour thou ſhalt be!
Our Saviour thou ſhalt be!

No Law, nor Sin, nor Hell, nor Death,
Shall us from thee divide;
Strongly we hold that precious Faith,
For us our Saviour dy'd,
For us our Saviour dy'd,
For us our Saviour dy'd.

HYMN II.

The Pilgrim's Song.

RISE, my Soul, and ſtretch thy Wings,
Thy better Portion trace;
Riſe from tranſitory Things,
Tow'rds Heav'n, thy native Place.
Sun, and Moon, and Stars decay,
Time ſhall ſoon this Earth remove;
Riſe, my Soul, and haſte away
To Seats prepar'd above.

Rivers to the Ocean run,
Nor ſtay in all their Courſe;
Fire aſcending ſeeks the Sun,
Both ſpeed them to their Source:
So a Soul that's born of God
Pants to view his glorious Face,
Upwards tends to his Abode,
To reſt in his Embrace.

Ceaſe, ye Pilgrims, ceaſe to mourn,
Preſs onward to the Prize;
Soon our Saviour will return
Triumphant in the Skies:

Yet a Seaſon and you know
Happy Entrance will be giv'n,
All our Sorrows left below,
And Earth exchang'd for Heav'n.

HYMN III.

Calling to follow JESUS.

COME, my Father's Family,
Ye ranſom'd of the Lord;
Come, ye Sinners, who with me
Are ev'ry where abhorr'd;
Let us gladly trace his Steps,
Who ſuffer'd Death among the Jews,
Who the friendleſs Soul accepts,
Whom all beſide refuſe.

Jeſus, the deſpis'd and mean,
Our Maſter let us own,
He the Sacrifice for Sin,
The Saviour he alone:
Let us take and bear his Croſs,
Deſpis'd Diſciples let us be;
Mock'd and ſlighted, as he was
For you, my Friends, and me.

None but Jeſus will we ſing,
None elſe will we adore;
He our Prophet, Prieſt, and King,
Shall be for evermore:
None among the heav'nly Pow'rs,
Nor one on Earth our Praiſe may claim,
None but Jeſus call we ours,
None but the bleeding Lamb!

The

HYMN IV.

The ſame.

COME, ye Lovers of the Lamb,
Join in publiſhing his Fame;
Let the whole Society
Sing our Saviour's Clemency.

Who like us ſo favour'd are?
We the Lord's peculiar Care;
We the precious Stones of God,
Dearly purchas'd by his Blood.

Who can make their Boaſt like us?
Who hath e'er been honour'd thus?
We can boaſt, for we are made
Kings and Prieſts in Chriſt our Head.

Jeſus (when we all were poor)
Out of Love's eternal Store
Gave to each of us a Crown,
Gave us Manſions on his Throne.

Neither leaves us deſolate,
While we're in our Pilgrim-State;
Here he talks with us, and we
Him by Faith's Perſpective ſee.

Him we commune with by Pray'rs,
Well perſuaded he us hears;
Sure we do not pray in vain,
He kind Anſwers gives again.

Beſt of Friends the Lord we prove,
He ne'er changes in his Love;

Faithful, gracious, good, the ſame
Find we is our Lord the Lamb.

Evermore we ſing to thee,
High exalted Deity;
Bleſs we thee, eternal Son,
Glory be to thee alone!

HYMN V.

CHRIST our great Melchiſedec.

THOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,
We love to hear of thee;
No Muſic like thy charming Name
Ne'er half ſo ſweet can be.
O may we ever hear thy Voice
In Mercy to us ſpeak,
And in our Prieſt will we rejoice,
Thou great Melchiſedec.

Our Jeſus ſhall be ſtill our Theme,
While in this World we ſtay,
We'll ſing our Jeſu's lovely Name,
When all Things elſe decay:
When we appear in yonder Cloud,
With all his favour'd Throng,
Then will we ſing more ſweet, more loud,
And Chriſt ſhall be our Song.

HYMN VI.

Peace of GOD's Children.

LOVING Saviour, Prince of Peace,
Author of our Unity,

Making

Making Wars and Jarrings ceaſe,
Cauſing Men, tho' Foes, t'agree,
Kindly rule in us;
Make us happily go on,
Helping each to bear his Croſs,
Stedfaſt 'till our Work is done.

Let us, like a Flock of Sheep,
Cloſe together perſevere,
True by one another keep,
Each eſteeming very dear,
Altogether move;
Truly ſubject be the whole,
Bound in Bands of trueſt Love,
One in Heart, and Mind, and Soul.

May we all one Faith maintain,
One ſole Doctrine witneſs too,
Chriſt the Lord our God was ſlain,
Slain for us, and this is true,
He will ours abide;
He will our dear Portion be,
He who on Mount Calv'ry dy'd,
Jeſus, Jeſus, only he!

Strive we who ſhall love the moſt,
Who ſhall moſt in Faith excel,
Who can of the Saviour boaſt,
Who can moſt of Jeſus tell:
This employ us all:
Daily this contend we for,
Daily 'till the Lamb ſhall call,
Proſp'ring daily more and more.

Let us Hand in Hand proceed,
Little loving Children be,

Dead

Dead to Sin, to all Things dead,
But alive, dear Lamb, to thee;
So continue firm;
While beneath us thou wilt lay
Thy eternal out-ſtretch'd Arm,
'Till we 'wake in endleſs Day.

HYMN VII.

Sitting under CHRIST's Shadow.

BLOOD of Jeſu's Wounds, how good
Sounds it in our Ears and Hearts!
Nothing, ſurely, like that Blood,
Can ſuch ſolid Bliſs impart:
Oh 'tis moſt divine!
Weary Sinners hither fly,
Laden with their crimſon Sin,
This blots out the dreadful Dye.

You who have the Law obey'd,
You who Righteouſneſs t' attain,
Earneſtly by Works aſſay'd,
But have found your Strife in vain,
Turn you to Chriſt's Blood,
Thither look, and you no more
Shall lament an abſent God,
Nor your dreadful State deplore.

Whoſo after Reſt enquires,
Let him to this Blood approach;
Whoſo truly Peace deſires,
Jeſu's Blood affordeth much:
Be perſuaded then;
Lift ye up your downcaſt Eyes,
See the Saviour bleeding ſlain,
There thy Reſt, poor Sinner, is.

Here

Here may we take up our Place,
Here for ever happy be!
Here wrap up our bluſhing Face,
Seeking nought beſide to ſee!
Here we now ſit down,
Truſting in his Blood, and prove
What the Lord for us hath done;
Who can fully tell his Love?

HYMN VIII.

Te Deum, or Song of Praiſe.

DIALOGUE.

WE ſing to thee, thou Son of God,
Who ſav'd us by thy Grace;
We praiſe thee, Son of Man, whoſe Blood
Redeem'd our fallen Race.

We thee acknowledge God and Lord,
Father ere Time began;
Thou art by Heav'n and Earth ador'd,
Worthy o'er both to reign.

To thee all Angels cry aloud,
Thro' Heav'ns extended Coaſts;
Hail, holy, holy, holy God
Of all immortal Hoſts!

The Cherubim and Seraphim
Are always praiſing thee;
The Worlds and all the Pow'rs therein
Adore thy Majeſty.

The Prophets' goodly Fellowſhip,
In milky Garments dreſt,
Praiſe thee, thou holy God, and reap
The Fulneſs of thy Reſt.

Th'

Th' Apoſtles' glorious Company
Thy righteous Praiſe proclaim;
The martyr'd Army glorify
Thy everlaſting Name.

Thro' all the World thy Churches join
T' acknowledge thee the Head;
Father of Majeſty divine,
Who ev'ry Pow'r haſt made.

Alſo thy true and only Son,
Thy Family confeſs;
King of thy Saints, to us made known,
The Lord our Righteouſneſs.

Alſo the holy Ghoſt we praiſe,
The Spirit of the Lord.
The Comforter, whoſe kindling Rays
Our dying Souls reſtor'd.

HYMN IX.

Holy Striſe in praiſing CHRIST.

RISE, O ye Seed of David, riſe,
Daughters of Zion, ſing;
Up, Sons of Jacob, Jeſus praiſe,
Salute the auſpicious King.

Our Souls ariſe, and may our Tongue
Be tun'd to praiſe the Lamb!
So ready be our ranſom'd Throng
To magnify his Name.

Why ſtay we then? the Lord extol,
Zion, break forth in Praiſe;
Join ev'ry heav'nly-minded Soul,
In pure ſeraphic Lays.

Open

Open ye everlaſting Doors,
Divide ye Gates of Bliſs,
We with Dominions, Thrones, and Pow'rs,
Praiſe Chriſt our Righteouſneſs.

HYMN X.

The ſame.

LET us, the Sheep by Jeſus nam'd,
Our Shepherd's Mercy bleſs;
Let us, whom Jeſus hath redeem'd,
Shew forth our Thankfulneſs.

Not unto us, to thee alone,
Bleſs'd Lamb, be Glory giv'n!
Here ſhall thy Praiſes be begun,
But carried on in Heav'n.

The Hoſt of Spirits now with thee
Eternal Anthems ſing;
To imitate them here, lo! we
Our Hallelujahs bring.

Had we our Tongues like them inſpir'd,
Like theirs our Songs ſhou'd riſe;
Like them we never ſhould be tir'd,
But love the Sacrifice.

'Till we the Veil of Fleſh lay down,
Accept our weaker Lays;
And when, O Lord, we reach thy Throne,
We'll join in nobler Praiſe.

HYMN XI.

Pilgrim's Hymn, a Dialogue.

TELL us, O Women, we wou'd know
Whither so fast ye move;
We, call'd to leave the World below,
Are seeking one above.

Whence came ye, say, and what the Place
That ye are trav'ling from?
From Tribulation, we, thro' Grace,
Are now returning Home.

Is not your native Country here?
Like you not this Abode?
We seek a better Country far,
A City built by God.

Thither we travel, nor intend
Short of that Bliss to rest;
Nor we, 'till in the Sinners Friend
Our weary Souls are bless'd.

Friends of the Bridegroom we shall reign,
Saviour, we ask no more;
Hail Lamb of God, for Sinners slain,
Whom Heav'n and Earth adore!

HYMN XII.

Resting under the Cross.

CHILDREN of Isr'el, see what Shade
The Cross does us afford;
It was for weary Trav'lers made,
We thank thee for it, Lord.

A while ſit down, and we'll prepare
To ſing his worthy Fame;
Who to redeem us ſojourn'd here,
Chriſt Jeſus is his Name.

We ſing thy Suff'rings, Wounds, and Blood,
The Virtue of thy Pain;
We ſing thy Griefs, thou dying God,
Thou Lamb for Sinners ſlain.

We hail thee, thou by Jews revil'd,
To thee we bow the Knee;
Hail! very God, the promis'd Child,
The Prophets ſang of thee.

While others praiſe an unknown God,
We each will ſing of thee;
Jeſus has waſh'd me in his Blood,
And lov'd, and dy'd for me.

HYMN XIII.

General Praiſe to CHRIST.

ONCE ſlaughter'd, now exalted Lamb,
We ſing to thy eternal Name,
The whole Aſſembly join;
To yonder Harper's Harp we tune
Our ſolemn Songs, and round the Throne
We ſing the Man divine.

Our poor unmeet Society,
Mix with the happy Company
Of Chriſtians gone before;
And as they bleſs Meſſiah's Blood,
We imitate their Song, and God
The holy Lamb adore.

Brethren and Sisters all agree
To sing he lov'd and dy'd for me;
I thank him for his Grace:
Quickly thy Chariot, Lord, send down,
To bear us to the wish'd-for Throne,
Where we may see thy Face.

Or if thou here wouldst have us stay,
A longer Space, lo! we obey;
Only let us be sure
That Heav'n is ours, die when we will,
And let thy Sp'rit be with us still,
And we'll desire no more.

HYMN XIV.

Privileges of God's Children.

BLESSED are the Sons of God,
They are bought with Christ's own Blood;
They are ransom'd from the Grave,
Life eternal they shall have.

God did love them in his Son,
Long before the World begun;
They the Seal of this receive
When on Jesus they believe.

They are justify'd by Grace,
They enjoy a solid Peace;
All their Sins are wash'd away,
They shall stand in God's great Day.

They produce the Fruits of Grace,
In the Works of Righteousness;
They are harmless, meek and mild,
Holy, humble, undefil'd.

They are Lights upon the Earth,
Children of a heav'nly Birth;
Born of God, they hate all Sin,
God's pure Seed remains within.

They have Fellowſhip with God,
Thro' the Mediator's Blood;
One with God, with Jeſus one,
Glory is in them begun.

Tho' they ſuffer much on Earth,
Strangers quite to this World's Mirth,
Yet they have an inward Joy,
Pleaſure which can never cloy.

They alone are truly bleſt,
Heirs of God, Joint Heirs with Chriſt;
With them number'd may we be,
Here and in Eternity!

HYMN XV.

Peace of Chriſtianity, in a Dialogue.

HO Pilgrims (if ye Pilgrims be)
We want to join with you;
Poor Chriſtian-Travellers are we,
To Canaan's Land we go.

No Peace (though we have fought) we find
In any Country here;
'Twas therefore we left all behind,
Wealth, Name, and Character.

We ne'er ſuch Pleaſure knew before,
As now in him we know;

Peace (since our Saviour's Croſs we bore)
Like Rivers in us flow.

Let others then delight them here,
Their Trifles we deſpiſe;
The heav'nly Kingdom we prefer,
The Bliſs of Paradiſe.

Then joyful let us journey on
To certain Reſt above;
Singing to him on yonder's Throne
Of free electing Love.

HYMN XVI.

Glorifying God in CHRIST.

DIALOGUE.

BRethren ſing,—'tis right you ſhou'd,
Sing our Saviour's precious Blood;
Daughters of Jeruſalem,
Join we willingly the Theme.

Shout for Joy, ye happy Men,
Lo! for you the Lamb was ſlain;
Highly favour'd Women, praiſe
Jeſus in celeſtial Lays.

Hail, redeeming Lamb, who late
Suffer'd Death without the Gate!
Hail! for by thy Death and Croſs,
Thou haſt purchas'd Heaven for us.

None but Jeſus will we ſing,
None but Jeſus, Iſrael's King;
None but Jeſus will we laud,
None but Chriſt our Lord and God.

Worthy,

Worthy, holy Lamb, art thou
Praiſe to have and Honour too;
Worthy thou of Bliſs and Pow'r,
Now, henceforth, and evermore.

HYMN XVII.

Heavenly Joy on Earth.

COME we that love the Lord,
And let our Joys be known,
Join in a Song with ſweet Accord,
And thus ſurround the Throne.

The Sorrows of the Mind
Be baniſh'd from the Place;
Religion never was deſign'd
To make our Pleaſures leſs.

The Men of Grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celeſtial Fruits, on earthly Ground,
From Hope and Faith may grow.

The Hill of Zion yields
A thouſand ſacred Sweets,
Before we reach the heav'nly Fields,
Or walk the golden Streets.

Then let our Songs abound,
And ev'ry Tear be dry,
We're marching thro' Immanuel's Ground
To fairer Worlds on high.

HYMN XVIII.

The Wiſdom of God Fooliſhneſs with Men.

O Saviour, thou thy Myſteries
Haſt often cover'd from the Wiſe,
And Babes thy Glory ſhew'd;
Thy Wiſdom far ſurpaſſes all
What ſtudious Mortals Wiſdom call,
Thou holy Lamb of God.

The nat'ral Man can't right conceive
The glorious Things which we believe,
How thou did'ſt us redeem;
The Things thy Spirit teaches us,
The Merit of thy Blood and Croſs,
Are Fooliſhneſs to him.

They this World's Wiſdom ſeek and gain,
That Wiſdom which thou calleſt vain,
But, Oh! are Strangers ſtill
To that which makes our Spirits wiſe,
And ſets before our waiting Eyes,
What is our Saviour's Will.

Thrice happy then are we, who prove
The Peace of God, his Truth and Love,
Things freely to us giv'n,
Theſe Earneſts are of greater Bliſs,
The Earneſt of that Happineſs
Which we ſhall have in Heav'n.

HYMN XIX.

The Triumph of Faith.

HEAD of the Church triumphant!
We joyfully adore thee;
Till thou appear,
Thy Members here
Shall ſing like thoſe in Glory.
We lift our Hearts and Voices
With bleſt Anticipation,
And cry aloud,
And give to God
The Praiſe of our Salvation.

While in Affliction's Furnace,
And paſſing thro' the Fire,
Thy Love we praiſe,
Which knows our Days,
And ever brings us nigher.
We clap our Hands exulting,
In thine Almighty Favour,
The Love divine
Which made us thine
Shall keep us thine for ever.

Thou doſt conduct thy People
Thro' Torrents of Temptation,
Nor will we fear,
Whilſt thou art near,
The Fire of Tribulation.
The World with Sin and Satan
In vain our March oppoſes;
By thee we ſhall
Break thro' them all,
And ſing the Song of Moſes.

By Faith we ſee the Glory,
To which thou ſhalt reſtore us,
The Croſs deſpiſe
For that high Prize
Which thou haſt ſet before us.
And if thou count us worthy,
We each, as dying Stephen,
Shall ſee thee ſtand
At God's right Hand,
To take us up to Heav'n.

HYMN XX.

The ſame.

REJOICE, the Lord is King;
Your Lord and King adore,
Mortals, give Thanks, and ſing
And triumph evermore:
Lift up your Heart, lift up your Voice,
Rejoice, again I ſay, rejoice.

Jeſus the Saviour reigns,
The God of Truth and Love,
When he had purg'd our Stains,
He took his Seat above:
Lift up your Heart, lift up your Voice,
Rejoice, again I ſay, rejoice.

His Kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er Earth and Heav'n,
The Keys of Death and Hell
Are to our Jeſus giv'n:
Lift up your Heart, lift up your Voice,
Rejoice, again I ſay, rejoice.

He ſits at God's right Hand
Till all his Foes ſubmit,
And bow to his Command,
And fall beneath his Feet:
Lift up your Heart, lift up your Voice,
Rejoice, again I ſay, rejoice,
Rejoice in glorious Hope,
Jeſus the Judge ſhall come,
And take his Servants up
To their eternal Home:
We ſoon ſhall hear th' Arch-Angel's Voice,
The Trump of God ſhall ſound Rejoice!

HYMN XXI.

Little Children, love one another.

GIVER of Concord, Prince of Peace,
Meek, Lamb-like Son of God,
Bid our unruly Paſſions ceaſe,
O quench them with thy Blood.

Us into cloſeſt Union draw,
And in our inward Parts
Let Kindneſs ſweetly write her Law,
Let Love command our Hearts.

O let thy Love our Hearts conſtrain,
Jeſus the Crucified!
What haſt thou done our Hearts to gain,
Languiſh'd, and groan'd, and died!

Who would not now purſue the Way
Where Jeſu's Footſteps ſhine?
Who would not own the pleaſing Sway
Of Charity divine?

O let

O let us find the antient Way,
Our wondring Foes to move,
And force the Heathen World to ſay,
" See how theſe Chriſtians love!

HYMN XXII.

The Communion of Saints.

PART I.

COME, and let us ſweetly join
Chriſt to praiſe in Hymns divine;
Give we all with one Accord,
Glory to our common Lord:
Strive we, in Affection ſtrive,
Let the purer Flame revive,
Such as in the Martyrs glow'd,
Dying Champions for their God.

Sing we then in Jeſu's Name,
Now, as Yeſterday the ſame;
One in ev'ry Age and Place,
Full of Love, of Truth, and Grace.
Chriſt is now gone up on high,
(Thither may our Wiſhes fly):
Sits at God's right Hand above,
There with him we reign in Love!

HYMN XXIII.

PART II.

PARTNERS of a glorious Hope,
Lift your Hearts and Voices up:
Jointly let us riſe and ſing,
Chriſt our Prophet, Prieſt, and King.

Monu-

Monuments of Jeſu's Grace,
Speak we by our Lives his Praiſe;
Walk in him we have receiv'd,
Shew we not in vain believ'd.

While we walk with God in Light,
God our Hearts doth ſtill unite;
Deareſt Fellowſhip we prove,
Fellowſhip of Jeſu's Love:
Sweetly each with each combin'd,
In the Bonds of Duty join'd.
Feels the cleanſing Blood apply'd.
Daily feels that Chriſt hath dy'd.

Still, O Lord, our Faith increaſe,
Cleanſe from all Unrighteouſneſs;
Thee, th' unholy cannot ſee;
Make, O make us meet for thee!
Ev'ry vile Affection kill,
Free our Souls from every Ill;
Conquer ev'ry inbred Sin,
Write thy Law of Love within.

Hence may all our Actions flow,
Love the Proof that Chriſt we know;
Mutual Love the Token be,
Lord, that we belong to thee!
Love thy Image, Love impart,
Stamp it fully on each Heart;
Only Love to us be giv'n,
Lord, we aſk no other Heav'n.

HYMN XXIV.

PART III.

FATHER, Son and Spirit, hear
Faith's effectual, fervent Prayer;

Hear,

Hear, and our Petitions ſeal,
Let us now the Anſwer feel:
Myſtically one with thee,
Tranſcript of the Trinity;
Thee let all our Nature own,
One in three, and three in one.

Build us in one Body up,
Call'd in one high Calling's Hope;
One the Spirit whom we claim,
One the pure baptiſmal Flame,
One the Faith, and common Lord,
One the Father lives ador'd.
Over, thro' and in us all,
God incomprehenſible.

One with God, the Source of Bliſs,
Ground of our Communion this;
Life of all that live below,
Let thy Emanations flow;
Riſe eternal in our Heart,
Thou our only Eden art;
Father, Son and Holy Ghoſt,
Be to us what Adam loſt.

HYMN XXV.

PART IV.

HUSBAND of thy Church below,
Chriſt, if thee our Lord we know,
Unto thee betroth'd in Love,
Always faithful let us prove,
Never rob thee of our Heart,
Never give the Creature Part;
Only thou poſſeſs the Whole,
Take our Body, Spirit, Soul.

Stedfaſt

Stedfaſt let us cleave to thee,
Love the myſtic Union be;
Union to the World unknown,
Join'd to God, in Spirit one.
Wait we 'till the Spouſe ſhall come,
'Till the Lamb ſhall take us Home;
For his Heav'n the Bride prepare,
Solemnize our Nuptials there.

Let it hence to all be known,
Thou art with thy Father one;
One with him in us be ſhew'd,
Very God of very God:
Sent our Spirits to unite,
Sent to make us Sons of Light,
Sent that we his Grace may prove,
All the Riches of his Love.

HYMN XXVI.

PART V.

CHRIST, from whom all Bleſſings flow,
Comforting thy Saints below,
Hear us, who thy Nature ſhare,
Who thy myſtic Body are;
Join us, in one Spirit join,
Let us ſtill receive of thine,
Still for more on thee we call,
Thee who filleſt all in all.

Move, and actuate, and guide,
Diverſe Gifts to each divide;
Plac'd according to thy Will,
Let us all our Works fulfil;
Never from our Office move,
Needful to the others prove,

Uſe the Grace on each beſtow'd
Temper'd by the bleſſed God.

Many are we now, and one,
We who Jeſus have put on:
There is neither Bond nor Free,
Male nor Female, Lord, in thee.
Love, like Death, hath all deſtroy'd,
Render'd all Diſtinctions void;
Names and Sects, and Parties fall,
Thou, O Chriſt, art all in all!

HYMN XXVII.

PART VI.

KING of Saints, to whom are giv'n
All in Earth, and all in Heav'n,
Reconcil'd thro' thee alone,
Join'd and gather'd into one:
Heirs of Glory, Sons of Grace,
Lo! to thee our Hopes we raiſe,
Raiſe and fix our Hopes on thee,
Full of Immortality.

Abſent in our Fleſh from Home,
We are to Mount Sion come;
Heaven is our Soul's Abode,
City of the living God;
Enter'd there our Seats we claim
In the new Jeruſalem;
Join the countleſs Angel-Quire,
Greet the Firſt-born Sons of Fire.

We our Elder-Brethren meet,
We are made with them to ſit;

Sweeteſt

Sweeteſt Fellowſhip we prove
With the general Church above;
Saints who now their Names behold,
In the Book of Life enroll'd,
Spirits of the righteous, made
Perfect now in Chriſt their Head.

Life his healing Blood imparts,
Sprinkled on our peaceful Hearts;
Abel's Blood for Vengeance cry'd,
Jeſus ſpeaks us juſtify'd:
Speaks and calls for better Things,
Makes us Prophets, Prieſts, and Kings;
Aſks that we with him may reign,
Earth and Heaven, ſay Amen!

HYMN XXVIII.

For Perſons join'd in Fellowſhip.

TRY us, O God, and ſearch the Ground
Of every ſinful Heart;
Whate'er of Sin in us is found,
O bid it all depart.

When to the right or left we ſtray,
Leave us not comfortleſs,
But guide our Feet into the Way
Of everlaſting Peace.

Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's Croſs to bear;
Let each his friendly Aid afford,
And feel his Brother's Care.

Help us to build each other up,
Our little Stock improve,

Increaſe our Faith, confirm our Hope,
And perfect us in Love.

Then when the mighty Work is wrought,
Receive the ready Bride;
Give us in Heav'n a happy Lot,
With all the Sanctified.

HYMN XXIX.

The ſame.

JESUS Lord, we look to thee,
Let us in thy Name agree,
Shew thyſelf the Prince of Peace,
Bid our Jars for ever ceaſe.

By thy reconciling Love,
Every Stumbling-Block remove,
Each to each unite, indear,
Come and ſpread thy Banner here.

Make us of one Heart and Mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind,
Lowly, meek in Thought and Word,
Altogether like our Lord.

Let us each for other care,
Each his Brother's Burden bear,
To thy Church the Pattern give,
Shew how true Believers live.

Let us then with Joy remove
To thy Family above,
On the Wings of Angels fly,
Shew how true Believers die.

HYMN XXX.

At Meeting.

BLEST by Jesu's Providence,
Lo! we meet again in Peace;
May we, when we fly from hence,
Meet in a more glorious Place!

When we once shall there arrive,
Ever happy we shall reign;
Ever with our Saviour live,
'Midst a Host of perfect Men.

There shall Sorrow not intrude,
Grief shall never there appear:
Wash'd in our Redeemer's Blood,
We shall stand made free from Fear.

Come, dear Fellows, joyful, come,
Forward boldly let us press,
Humbly let our Souls presume,
Trust in Jesu's Righteousness.

Pray we for the promis'd Hour,
When the Family compleat,
Borne on Clouds, and girt with Pow'r,
In the House above shall meet.

Master, hasten on thy Day,
Glorious to thy Judgment come!
Call thy trav'lling Saints away,
Lord, we long to be at Home!

HYMN XXXI.

At Parting.

BLEST be the dear uniting Love,
That will not let us part;
Our Bodies may far off remove,
We ſtill are join'd in Heart.

Join'd in one Spirit to our Head,
Where he appoints we go,
And ſtill in Jeſu's Footſteps tread,
And do his Work below.

O let us ever walk in him,
And nothing know beſide,
Nothing deſire, nothing eſteem,
But Jeſus crucify'd.

Cloſer and cloſer let us cleave,
To his belov'd Embrace,
Expect his Fulneſs to receive,
And Grace to anſwer Grace.

But let us haſten to the Day
Which ſhall our Fleſh reſtore,
When Death ſhall all be done away,
And Bodies part no more.

HYMN XXXII.

Adoring CHRIST.

WORTHY is Chriſt, our Paſchal Lamb,
Who bow'd his Head, and bore our Shame,

On

On God's eternal Throne to reign;
For he for us, for us was ſlain.

From ev'ry People, Land, and Tongue,
He calls his royal conqu'ring Throng;
Let all thy Hoſts thy Grace confeſs,
And call thee Lord our Righteouſneſs.

We praiſe thee, thou whoſe Spirit reſts
On us thy Kings, on us thy Prieſts;
Redeem'd to banquet with our God,
And bought and ranſom'd by his Blood.

Let every Spirit now with thee,
And all on Earth and all on Sea,
Thy Wiſdom bleſs, and fill thy Throne
With Worſhip due to thee alone.

Be Pow'r and Riches ever thine!
And Strength and Majeſty divine!
By ev'ry Creature reign ador'd,
The only, everlaſting Lord!

HYMN XXXIII.

The ſame.

BRETHREN, let us join to bleſs
Jeſus Chriſt, our Joy and Peace;
Let our Praiſe to him be giv'n,
High at God's Right-Hand in Heav'n!

Maſter, ſee to thee we bow,
Thou art Lord, and only thou;
Thou the bleſſed Virgin's Seed,
Glory of thy Church and Head.

The

Thee the Angels ceaſeleſs ſing,
Thee we praiſe, our Prieſt, our King;
Worthy is thy Name of Praiſe,
Full of Glory, full of Grace.

Thou haſt the glad Tidings brought
Of Salvation by thee wrought;
Wrought for all thy Church! and we
Worſhip in their Company.

We, thy little Flock, adore
Thee, the Lord for evermore!
Ever with us, ſhew thy Love,
'Till we join with thoſe above!

HYMN XXXIV.

Longing for the latter Day.

HOW many Years have we been driv'n
Out from our Eden, from our Heav'n?
Lord, it is Time that thou reſtore
Thy wand'ring Church, to roam no more.

Six thouſand Years are nearly paſt
Since Adam from thy Sight was caſt;
So long ago his fallen Race
From Age to Age were void of Peace.

Pris'ners in Houſes made of Clay,
And out of Sight of heav'nly Day,
They cannot chuſe but daily mourn,
'Till they from Baniſhment return.

When will the happy Trump proclaim
The Judgment of the martyr'd Lamb?
When ſhall the captive Troops be free,
And keep th' eternal Jubilee!

Haſten,

Haſten, O God, in ev'ry Land,
Send thou thine Angels, and command;
Go ſound Deliv'rance; loudly blow
Salvation to the Saints below!

We want to have the Day appear!
The promis'd great Sabbatic-Year.
When far from Grief, and Sin, and Hell,
Iſrael in ceaſeleſs Peace ſhall dwell!

'Till then, we will not let thee reſt,
Thou ſtill ſhalt hear our ſtrong Requeſt;
And this our daily Pray'r ſhall be,
Lord, ſound the Trump of Jubilee!

HYMN XXXV.

All Nations ſhall ſerve him.

SAVIOUR King, aſſume thy Pow'r,
Thou that art the Conqueror;
Lead thy promis'd Glory on,
Bring the Nations to thy Throne.

Japhet's Iſles do bleſs thy Name,
Let the Weſt thy Worth proclaim;
Waſh the Ethiopian clean;
In the Eaſt new Signs be ſeen.

Great the Band of thoſe be found,
Who proclaim the joyful Sound;
Let it to thy Iſrael come,
Let it bring the Wand'rers Home.

To the Brightneſs of thy Face,
Fly in Troops the ſuppliant Race;

Princes

Princes ſhall adorn the Train,
Monarchs bow and bleſs thy Reign.

When like Lightning thro' the Skies,
Will thy latter Glory riſe?
When ſhall we behold thy Pow'r,
When ſalute the accompliſh'd Hour?

Quickly, Lord, thy Triumphs bring,
Tongues and Kindred wait to ſing;
Then ſhall all the choſen Race
Shout aloud redeeming Grace. Hallelujah.

HYMN XXXVI.

The Divine Sovereignty.

OUR God reigns, ye Lands rejoice,
Liſt, ye Iſles, a thankful Voice;
Every Throne by one controul'd,
Well ſecures the paſſive World.

Higher than the Sons of Pride,
He bids raging Waves ſubſide;
Whate'er Strifes the Nations fill,
The Whole centers to his Will.

How unfathomably wiſe,
Beauteous too his Counſel lies!
Ev'ry Way his Will is done,
Ev'ry Way his Juſtice ſhown.

Thoughts are vain againſt the Lord,
All ſubſerves his ſtanding Word;
Satan lets, and Men object,
Yet the Thing they thwart, effect.

Sub-

Subjects of the Lord, be bold,
Jesus will his Kingdom hold;
Wheels encircling Wheels must run,
Each in Place to bring it on.

Blest is Faith, that trusts his Pow'r,
Blest are Saints that wait his Hour:
Haste, great Conqu'ror, bring it near,
Let the glorious Close appear. Hallelujah.

HYMN XXXVII.

For the Propagation of the Gospel.

COME, divine Emmanuel, come,
Take Possession of thy Home,
Now thy Mercy's Wing expand,
Stretch throughout the happy Land.

Carry on thy Victory,
Spread thy Rule from Sea to Sea,
Re-convert the ransom'd Race,
Save us, save us, Lord, by Grace.

O that ev'ry Soul might be
Suddenly subdu'd to thee!
O that all in thee might know
Everlasting Life below!

Now thy Mercy's Wings expand,
Stretch throughout the happy Land;
Take Possession of thy Home,
Come, divine Emmanuel, come!

Re-

HYMN XXXVIII.

Rejoicing in Hope.

CHILDREN of the heav'nly King,
As ye journey ſweetly ſing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy Praiſe,
Glorious in his Works and Ways!

We are trav'ling Home to God,
In the Way the Fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their Happineſs ſhall ſee.

O, ye baniſh'd Seed, be glad!
Chriſt our Advocate is made;
Us to ſave, our Fleſh aſſumes,
Brother to our Souls becomes.

Shout, ye little Flock, and bleſt,
You on Jeſu's Throne ſhall reſt;
There your Seat is now prepar'd,
There your Kingdom and Reward

Fear not, Brethren, joyful ſtand
On the Borders of your Land;
Jeſus Chriſt, your Father's Son,
Bids you undiſmay'd go on.

Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our Leader be,
And we ſtill will follow thee.

SUPPLEMENT.

HYMN XXXIX.

Breathing after Holineſs.

LOVE divine, all Love excelling,
Joy of Heaven to Earth come down,
Fix in us thy humble Dwelling,
All thy faithful Mercies crown.
Jeſus, thou art all Compaſſion,
Pure unbounded Love thou art,
Viſit us with thy Salvation,
Enter every trembling Heart.

Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit,
Into every troubled Breaſt,
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find thy promis'd Reſt.
Take away the Power of ſinning
Alpha and Omega be,
End of Faith, as its Beginning,
Set our Hearts at Liberty.

Come Almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy Life receive,
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy Temples leave.
Thee we would be always bleſſing,
Serve thee as thy Hoſts above,
Pray and praiſe thee without ceaſing,
Glory in thy precious Love.

Finiſh then thy new Creation,
Pure unſpotted may we be,
Let us ſee thy great Salvation,
Perfectly reſtor'd by thee;

Chang'd from Glory into Glory,
'Till in Heaven we take our Place,
'Till we caſt our Crowns before thee,
Loſt in Wonder, Love, and Praiſe.

HYMN XL.

The Chriſtian Soldier.

SOLDIERS of Chriſt, ariſe,
And put your Armour on,
Strong in the Strength which God ſupplies
Through his eternal Son;
Strong in the Lord of Hoſts,
And in his mighty Power,
Who in the Strength of Jeſus truſts
Is more than Conqueror.

Stand then in his great Might,
With all his Strength endu'd,
And take, to arm you for the Fight,
The Panoply of God;
That having all Things done,
And all your Conflicts paſt,
You may o'ercome thro' Chriſt alone,
And ſtand entire at laſt.

Jeſus hath dy'd for you!
What can his Love withſtand?
Believe; hold faſt your Shield; and who
Shall pluck you from his Hand?
Believe that Jeſus reigns,
All Power to him is given;
Believe, 'till freed from Nature's Chains,
You're call'd from hence to Heaven.

Your

Your Rock can never ſhake:
Hither, he ſaith, come up!
The Helmet of Salvation take,
The Confidence of Hope:
Hope for his perfect Love,
Hope for his promis'd Reſt,
Hope to ſit down with Chriſt above,
And ſhare the Marriage Feaſt.

In Fellowſhip; alone,
To God with Faith draw near,
Approach his Courts, beſiege his Throne,
With all the Pow'r of Prayer:
Go to his Temple, go,
Nor from his Altar move;
Let every Houſe his Worſhip know,
And every Heart his Love.

From Strength to Strength go on,
Wreſtle, and fight, and pray,
Tread all the Pow'rs of Darkneſs down,
And win the well-fought Day;
Still let the Spirit cry
In all his Soldiers, "Come,"
Till Chriſt the Lord deſcends from high,
And takes the Conqu'rors Home.

HYMN XLI.

Panting after God.

THOU hidden Love of God, whoſe Height
Whoſe Depth unfathom'd no Man knows,
I ſee from far thy beauteous Light,
Inly I ſigh for thy Repoſe.
My Heart is pain'd, nor can it be
At Reſt, till it find Reſt in thee.

Is there a Thing beneath the Sun,
That ſtrives with thee my Heart to ſhare?
Ah tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every Motion there:
Then ſhall my Heart from Earth be free,
When it has found Repoſe in thee.

O hide this Self from me, that I
No more, but Chriſt in me may live!
My vile Affections crucify,
Nor let one darling Luſt ſurvive.
In all Things nothing may I ſee,
Nothing deſire, or ſeek, but thee.

O Love, thy ſov'reign Aid impart,
To ſave me from low-thoughted Care:
Chaſe this Self-will through all my Heart,
Through all its latent Mazes there.
Make me thy duteous Child, that I
Ceaſeleſs may Abba Father cry.

Each Moment draw from Earth away
My Heart that lowly waits thy Call
Speak to my inmoſt Soul, and ſay
I am thy Love, thy God, thy All!
To feel thy Pow'r, to hear thy Voice,
To taſte thy Love be all my Choice.

HYMN XLII.

Adoring Jeſus.

O Come let us join,
Together combine,
To praiſe our dear Saviour, our Maſter divine.

Him

Him let us adore,
Who cover'd with Gore,
Late hanged on Calv'ry, both wounded and poor.

He worthy is bleſs'd
By Spirits at reſt,
Who once in this Deſert, his Godhead confeſs'd.

The heavenly Spheres,
Who ſaw him in Tears,
Yea every ſtrong Angel, his Perſon reveres.

The Prophets who told
His Sufferings of old,
Sing now ſweet Thankſgivings, on Pſalteries of [Gold.

The Fathers to whom
He ſhew'd he would come,
Now in his Pavilion, take up their long Home.

The Spirits of Men,
Who for him were ſlain,
From Abel the Righteous, ſhare now in his [Reign.

The Apoſtles who ſtood,
Reſiſting to Blood,
For Jeſus's Goſpel, rejoice in their God.

The Confeſſors too,
Them proſtrating low,
Caſt down their bright Mitres, and thankfully [bow.

O Church of the Lamb,
Here met do the ſame,
With Saints and with Angels, bleſs Jeſus's Name.

My Soul bear a Part,
For ranſom'd thou art,
By Jeſu's Blood-ſhedding, his Burial and Smart.

To him that was ſlain,
The ſcorn'd Nazarene,
Be Glory and Honour, let all ſay Amen.

HYMN XLIII.

Longing for the Latter-Day Glory.

SAVIOUR of the World attend,
Hearken to thy People's Moan:
Art thou not the Sinners Friend?
Art thou not their Friend alone?
Then thine Ear incline;
While they for Redemption cry,
Think upon that Word of thine,
"Your Redemption draweth nigh."

Hear'ſt Thou not the many Pray'rs,
Offer'd by thy Church, with Thee?
See'ſt Thou not the Thouſand Tears,
Pour'd before thy Majeſty?
Mark'ſt thou not the Groans?
Mind'ſt Thou not the Earnings great,
Of thy ranſom'd little ones,
Proſtrate round thy Mercy-Seat?

Is it nothing, Lord, to Thee,
That ſo many Years they've cry'd?
Muſt their Suit unanſwer'd be,
Shall their Pray'r be ſtill deny'd?

For

For thy Mercies' Sake,
Turn Thou the Captivity,
Bring the baniſh'd Brethren back,
Lord unite them all in Thee.

Be the Captive Exile loos'd,
Lord the Jubilee proclaim!
All who Liberty refus'd,
Let them call upon thy Name;
Whoſo calls on Thee,
Shall Deliv'rance gladly prove,
Shall thy Spoil, dear Jeſus, be,
Monuments that Thou art Love.

Let thy Blood's ſo boundleſs Pow'r,
Wide as the Creation reach;
Sweetly loud from Shore to Shore,
Thy eternal Mercy preach;
Let the ranſom'd Seed
Hear, and to thy Temple flow,
All for whom Thou deign'ſt to bleed,
Let them thy Salvation know.

Lift thy Enſign very high,
Let thy bloody Croſs be ſeen,
Let thy ſcarlet Banners fly
Glorious in the ſight of Men;
Sound the Angel loud,
"Now begins the Jubilee!
"Now Salvation comes from God!
"All together it ſhall ſee!"

HYMN XLIV.

Chriſt our Great High-Prieſt.

A Good High-Prieſt is come,
Supplying Aaron's Place,
And taking up his Room,
Diſpenſing Life and Grace:
The Law by Aaron's Prieſthood came,
But Grace and Truth by Jeſu's Name.

My Lord a Prieſt is made,
As ſware the mighty God,
To Iſrael and his Seed,
Ordain'd to offer Blood,
For Sinners who his Mercy ſeek,
A Prieſt, as was Melchiſedec.

He once Temptations knew,
Of ev'ry Sort and Kind,
That he might Succour ſhew,
To ev'ry tempted Mind:
In ev'ry Point the Lamb was try'd
Like us, and then for us he dy'd.

He dies, but lives again,
And by the Altar ſtands;
There ſhews how he was ſlain,
And op'ning his pierc'd Hands,
He 'bides a Prieſt, and pleads our Cauſe,
Tranſgreſſors of his righteous Laws.

I other Prieſts diſclaim,
And Laws and Offerings too;
None but the bleeding Lamb
The mighty Work can do:
He ſhall have all the Praiſe, for He
Alone, me lov'd, and dy'd for me.

HYMN XLV.

Funeral Hymn for a Believer.

'TIS finish'd! 'tis done!
The Spirit is fled,
The Pris'ner is gone,
The Christian is dead!
The Christian is living
In Jesus his Love,
And gladly receiving
A Kingdom above.

All Honour and Praise
Are Jesus's Due;
Supported by Grace,
He fought his Way thro';
Triumphantly glorious,
Thro' Jesus's Zeal,
And more than victorious,
O'er Sin, Death, and Hell.

Then let us record
The conqu'ring Name,
Our Captain and Lord
With Shoutings proclaim:
Who trust in his Passion,
And follow our Head,
To certain Salvation
We all shall be led.

O Jesus! lead on
Thy Militant Care,
And give us the Crown
Of Righteousness there;

Where

Where dazled with Glory
The Seraphim gaze,
Or proſtrate adore thee
In Silence of Praiſe.

Come, Lord, and diſplay
Thy Sign in the Sky,
And bear us away
To Manſions on high;
The Kingdom be giv'n,
The Purchaſe divine,
And crown us in Heav'n
Eternally thine.

HYMN XLVI.

The ſame.

HOSANNA to Jeſus on high!
Another is enter'd his Reſt,
Another is 'ſcap'd to the Sky,
And lodg'd in Immanuel's Breaſt:
The Soul of our Siſter is gone
To heighten the Triumph above,
Exalted to Jeſus's Throne,
And claſp'd in the Arms of his Love.

How happy the Angels that fall
Tranſported at Jeſus's Name!
The Saints whom he ſooneſt ſhall call
To ſhare in the Feaſt of the Lamb!
No longer impriſon'd in Clay,
Who next from his Dungeon ſhall fly?
Who firſt ſhall be ſummon'd away?
My merciful God —— Is it I?

O Jeſus!

O Jeſus! if this be thy Will,
That ſuddenly I ſhould depart,
Thy Council of Mercy reveal,
And whiſper the Call to my Heart:
O give me a Signal to know
If ſoon thou would'ſt have me to move,
And leave the dull Body below,
And fly to the Regions of Love.

HYMN XLVII.

The ſame.

THANKS be to God, whoſe faithful Love
Hath call'd another to his Breaſt;
Tranſlated him to Joys above,
To Manſions of eternal Reſt.

By miniſterial Sp'rits convey'd,
Lodg'd in the Garner of the Sky,
He reſts; in Abraham's Boſom laid,
He lives with God, no more to die.

O that we all may thus break thro',
The Crown with holy Violence ſeize,
The ſtarry Crown to Conqueſt due,
The Crown of Life and Righteouſneſs!

Will not the righteous Judge beſtow
The Prize on all who ſeek Him here;
And long, while ſojourning below,
To ſee their much-lov'd Lord appear?

He

He will, (our Hearts cry out) he will
Theſe eager Wiſhes more than meet,
Theſe infinite Deſires fulfil,
And make our Happineſs compleat.

O what a ſoul-o'erpow'ring Thought!
'Tis Extacy too great to bear!
We all at once ſhall be up-caught,
And meet our Jeſus in the Air.

HYMN XLVIII.

The ſame.

AH! lovely Appearance of Death,
No Sight upon Earth is ſo fair:
Not all the gay Pageants that breathe,
Can with a dead Body compare.
With ſolemn Delight I ſurvey
The Corps when the Spirit is fled,
In Love with the beautiful Clay,
And longing to lie in his Stead.

How bleſt is our Brother, bereft
Of all that could burthen his Mind!
How eaſy the Soul, that hath left
This weariſome Body behind!
Of Evil incapable thou,
Whoſe Relicks with Envy I ſee;
No longer in Miſery now,
No longer a Sinner like me.

This Earth is affected no more
With Sickneſs, or ſhaken with Pain:
The War in the Members is o'er,
And never ſhall vex him again.
No Anger henceforward, or Shame,
Shall redden this innocent Clay;
Extinct is the animal Flame,
And Paſſion is vaniſh'd away.

This languiſhing Head is at Reſt,
Its Thinking and Aching are o'er;
This quiet immoveable Breaſt
Is heav'd by Affliction no more:
This Heart is no longer the Seat
Of Trouble and torturing Pain;
It ceaſes to flutter and beat,
It never ſhall flutter again.

The Lids he ſo ſeldom could cloſe,
By Sorrow forbidden to ſleep,
Seal'd up in eternal Repoſe,
Have ſtrangely forgotten to weep:
The Fountains can yield no Supplies,
Theſe Hollows from Water are free;
The Tears are all wip'd from theſe Eyes,
And Evil they never ſhall ſee.

To mourn and to ſuffer is mine,
While bound in a Priſon I breathe,
And ſtill for Deliverance pine,
And preſs to the Iſſues of Death:
What now with my Tears I bedew,
O might I this Moment become,
My Spirit created anew,
My Fleſh be conſign'd to the Tomb!

HYMN XLIX.

The ſame.

JESUS, come! our deareſt Jeſus,
Save us from the World beneath,
From a Life of Pain releaſe us,
From a Life of daily Death:
Liſten to the ceaſeleſs Moaning
Of thy plaintive Turtle-Dove;
Anſwer, Lord, thy Spirit's Groaning,
Take us to our Church above.

Many a Soul is lodg'd before us,
In the Garner of the Grave;
Jeſus, come! to Life reſtore us,
Us from all our Trouble ſave;
Us, in infinite Compaſſion,
To our happier Friends unite,
Raiſe us to our higheſt Station,
Rank us with thy Saints in Light.

Still we bear about thy Dying,
In our feeble Bodies here,
Languiſhing for thee, and crying
Light of Life in us appear;
Take us to thy kind Embraces,
To thy heav'nly Banquet lead;
Wipe the Sorrow from our Faces,
Set the Crown upon our Head.

HYMN L.

CHRIST's Nativity.

ALL Glory to God, and Peace upon Earth
Be publiſh'd abroad at Jeſus's Birth;
The forfeited Favour of Heaven we find
Reſtor'd in the Saviour and Friend of Mankind.

Then let us behold Meſſias the Lord,
By Prophets foretold, by Angels ador'd;
Our God's Incarnation with Angels proclaim,
And publiſh Salvation in Jeſus's Name.

Our newly-born King by Faith we have ſeen,
And joyfully ſing his Goodneſs to Men,
That all Men may wonder at what we impart,
And thankfully ponder his Love in their Heart.

What mov'd the Moſt High ſo greatly to ſtoop?
He comes from the Sky, our Souls to lift up;
That Sinners, forgiven, might happy return
To God and to Heaven; their Maker is born.

Immanuel's Love let Sinners confeſs,
Who comes from above to bring us his Peace:
Let every Believer his Mercy adore,
And praiſe him for ever, when Time is no more.

HYMN LI.

The same.

AWAY with our Fears!
The Godhead appears
In Christ reconcil'd,
The Father of Mercies in Jesus the Child.

He comes from above
In manifest Love,
The Desire of our Eyes,
The meek Lamb of God, in a Manger he lies.

At Immanuel's Birth
What a Triumph on Earth!
Yet could it afford
No better a Place for its heavenly Lord!

The Ancient of Days,
To redeem a lost Race,
From his Glory comes down,
Self-humbled, to carry us up to a Crown.

Made Flesh for our Sake,
That we might partake
The Nature Divine,
And again in his Image his Holiness shine.

An heavenly Birth
Experience on Earth,
And rise to his Throne,
And live with our Jesus eternally one.

Then let us believe,
And gladly receive
The Tidings they bring,
Who publiſh to Sinners their Saviour and King.

And while we are here,
Our King ſhall appear;
His Spirit impart,
And form his full Image of Love in our Heart.

HYMN LII.

The ſame.

COME, thou long-expected Jeſus,
Born to ſet thy People free;
From our Fears and Sins relieve us,
Let us find our Reſt in Thee:
Iſrael's Strength and Conſolation,
Hope of all the Earth thou art;
Dear Deſire of every Nation,
Joy of every longing Heart.

Born thy People to deliver,
Born a Child, and yet a King;
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now thy gracious Kingdom bring:
By thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our Hearts alone;
By thine all ſufficient Merit,
Raiſe us to thy glorious Throne.

HYMN LIII.

The ſame.

LET Angels and Archangels ſing
The wonderful Immanuel's Name;
Adore with us our new-born King,
And ſtill the joyful News proclaim;
All Earth and Heaven be ever join'd
To praiſe the Saviour of Mankind.

The everlaſting God comes down,
To ſojourn with the Sons of Men;
Without his Majeſty or Crown,
The great Inviſible is ſeen:
Of all his dazling Glories ſhorn,
The everlaſting God is born!

Angels, behold that Infant's Face,
With rapt'rous Awe the Godhead own:
'Tis all your Heaven on him to gaze,
And caſt your Crowns before his Throne.
Though now he on his Footſtool lies,
Ye know he built both Earth and Skies.

By him into Exiſtence brought,
Ye ſung the all-creating Word;
Ye heard him call our World from nought,
Again, in Honour of our Lord.
Ye Morning Stars, your Hymns employ,
And ſhout, ye Sons of God, for Joy.

HYMN LIV.

CHRIST's Incarnation

ALL-wiſe, all-good, almighty Lord,
Jeſus, by higheſt Heaven ador'd,
Ere Time its Courſe began;
How did thy glorious Mercy ſtoop
To take the fallen Nature up,
When Thou thyſelf wert Man?

Th' eternal God from Heav'n came down;
The King of Glory dropt his Crown,
And veil'd his Majeſty:
Empty'd of all but Love he came;
Jeſus, I call thee by the Name
Thy Piety bore for me.

O holy Child, ſtill let thy Birth
Bring Peace to us poor Worms of Earth,
And Praiſe to God on high!
Come, thou, who didſt my Fleſh aſſume,
Now to the abject Sinner come,
And in a Manger lie.

Didſt thou not in thy Perſon join
The Natures Human and Divine,
That God and Men might be
Henceforth inſeparably one?
Haſte then, and make thy Nature known
Incarnated in me.

In my weak ſinful Fleſh appear,
O God, be manifeſted here,
Peace, Righteouſneſs, and Joy,
Thy Kingdom, Lord, ſet up within
My waiting Heart, and all my Sin,
The Devil's Works deſtroy.

HYMN LV.

Judgment.

LO he cometh! countleſs Trumpets
Blow before the bloody Sign,
'Midſt ten thouſand Saints and Angels,
See the Crucified ſhine.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Wellcome, wellcome, bleeding Lamb!

Now his Merit, by the Harpers,
Thro' th' eternal Deep reſounds;
Now reſplendent ſhine his Nail-prints,
Ev'ry Eye ſhall ſee his Wounds:
They who pierc'd him, they who pierc'd him,
[they who pierc'd him,
Shall at his Appearing wail.

Ev'ry Iſland, Sea, and Mountain,
Heav'n and Earth, ſhall flee away;
All who hate him, muſt, aſhamed,
Hear the Trump proclaim the Day.
Come to Judgment, come to Judgment, come to
Stand before the Son of Man. [Judgment.

Saints, who love him, view his Glory,
Shining in his bruiſed Face,
His dear Perſon on the Rainbow,
Now his People's Head ſhall raiſe.
Happy Mourners, happy Mourners, happy Mourners,
Lo! in Clouds, he comes, he comes.

Now Redemption, long expected,
See in ſolemn Pomp appear;
All his People, once deſpiſed,
Now ſhall meet him in the Air.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Now the promis'd Kingdom's come.

View him ſmiling, now determin'd
Ev'ry Evil to deſtroy;
All the Nations now ſhall ſing him
Songs of everlaſting Joy.
O come quickly! O come quickly! O come quickly!
Hallelujah! come, Lord, come.

HYMN LVI.

Admiring CHRIST's Love.

YE Children of my God,
Ye dear peculiar Race,
Who waſh'd in Jeſu's Blood,
And ſav'd through Faith by Grace:
Attend and join to tell his Fame,
Whom John the Baptiſt call'd the Lamb.

From

From all Eternity!
He lov'd the Sinner's Train,
His Love him forc'd to die,
Compell'd him to be slain
For us, and in our Stead he stood,
With all his Garments roll'd in Blood.

His Heart he set on us
When we were Enemies;
And on th' accursed Cross,
Amidst his Tears and Cries,
He pray'd for us, who us'd him so,
Father they know not what they do.

He thought upon us when
The Blood ran from his Heart,
In all his Griefs and Pain,
In all his chiefest Smart:
Tho' we it caus'd, he all forgave,
And bare it that he might us save.

Still he remains the same,
His Foes he loves, and cries,
Believe ye in my Name,
Lift up (ye Lost) your Eyes:
Behold me, and you yet shall live,
I freely will Salvation give.

HYMN LVII.

O Come, let us join,
In Muſic divine,
The Saviour to laud,
'Tis meet and fit,
It is charming and perfectly ſweet,
The Saviour to praiſe, our Lord and our God;
'Tis a Pleaſure to ſing
Of a crucify'd King,
With Courage and Flame,
The Angels that love us,
And Seraphs above us,
Do always the ſame.
Hark! hark! how they ſhout,
All Heav'n throughout,
In ſounding his Name.

Come all that are here,
Your Thankſgiving rear,
To Jeſus your Chief;
'Tis good we ſhou'd,
It is lovely and better than Food,
It raiſes our Joy, and baniſhes Grief:
Then in him we'll rejoice,
Up to him lift our Voice,
And Spirit within,
Who lov'd us ſo greatly,
To waſh us completely
From Guilt and from Sin.
Hark! hark! how they ſhout,
All Heaven throughout,
A Jeſus divine!

He's

He's worthy, they cry,
The Lamb that did die;
So warbles their Tongue,
Let us do thus,
It is comely his Praiſe to diſcuſs,
A Theme ever proper by us to be ſung;
'Tis our Duty and Gain,
And it ſha'n't be in vain.
His Praiſe to repeat,
Who Pardon diſpenſes,
For all our Offences,
Tho' ever ſo great.
Hark! hark! how they ſhout,
All Heav'n throughout,
A Saviour complete!

All Glory to him,
Who Souls does redeem,
From Converſe unfit;
Agree do we,
It will ever becoming us be,
Hoſanna to Jeſus with Joy to tranſmit,
To God's dear belov'd Son,
Be all Praiſe and Renown,
Dominion and Might,
Who Sinners embraces,
And fills them with Graces,
To do what is right.
Hark! hark! how they ſhout,
All Heav'n throughout,
The Morning-ſtar bright.

Come ſing him once more,
(We may not give o'er)

For Sinners who pleads,
Beguil'd, defil'd,
And to bring them to God reconcil'd,
He ſtill intercedes, and always ſucceeds.
This dear Saviour of Men,
Let us ſing once again,
Who purges his own,
And makes them all glorious,
And more than victorious,
Then gives them a Crown.
Hark! hark! how they ſhout,
All Heav'n throughout,
The Lamb on the Throne.

To Father and Son,
And Dove, three in one,
Be Glory and Praiſe,
By us, and thoſe,
Who in glorious celeſtial Repoſe,
Do ceaſeleſs their Songs of Thankſgiving raiſe.
May the three-one be ſung
By each Cherubin Tongue;
Let no Tongue be mute,
Join Beings celeſtial
And Beings terreſtrial,
The Great and Minute,
Join all in one Choir,
The Dove, Son, and Sire,
With Praiſe to ſalute.

HYMN LVIII.

Praiſe to Chriſt.

OFFSPRING of David, David's Root;
Thou Jeſſe's Stem, and Jeſſe's Fruit;

To Thee propitious, Thee our King,
The Tribute of our Hearts we bring.

While all thy Mercies we enjoy,
Hymns ſhall our grateful Lips employ:
Beneath the Shadow of thy Wing
We'd gladly wait, and love, and ſing.

Haſten the Time when we ſhall ſhine
With Angels, and Arch-Angels join;
With righteous Spirits gone before,
For ever thy ſweet Name t'adore.

With them our raviſh'd Souls wou'd reſt,
And ſhare with them thy Marriage-Feaſt;
Among their Number, in their Lays,
We'd pant to join, and thirſt to praiſe.

And while our Souls are this deny'd,
Leſt we ſhould fall, or turn aſide,
Jeſus, our kind Protection prove,
And love us with eternal Love.

HYMN LIX.

MORNING.

RISE, my Soul, adore thy Maker;
Angels Praiſe
Join thy Lays,
With them be Partaker.

Father,

Father, Lord of ev'ry Spirit,
In thy Light
Lead me right,
Thro' my Saviour's Merit.

Never caſt me from thy Preſence,
'Till my Soul
Shall be full
Of thy bleſſed Eſſence.

O my Jeſus, God Almighty,
Pray for me,
'Till I ſee
Thee in Salem's City.

Holy Ghoſt, by Jeſus given,
Be my Guide,
Leſt my Pride
Shut me out of Heaven.

Thou this Night was't my Protector;
With me ſtay
All the Day,
Ever my Director.

Holy, holy, holy Giver
Of all Good,
Life and Food,
Reign ador'd for ever.

HYMN LX.

EVENING.

ERE I sleep, for ev'ry Favour
This Day shew'd
By my God,
I will bless my Saviour.

O my Lord, what shall I render
To thy Name,
Still the same,
Gracious, good, and tender?

Leave me not, but ever love me;
Let thy Peace
Be my Bliss,
'Till thou hence remove me.

Visit me with thy Salvation;
Let thy Care
Now be near,
Round my Habitation.

Thou my Rock, my Guard, my Tower,
Safely keep,
While I sleep,
Me with all thy Power.

So, whene'er in Death I slumber,
Let me rise
With the Wise,
Counted in their Number.

Behold

HYMN LXI.

Behold the Man!

YE ſerious Souls draw near,
My Song of Jeſus hear;
Roll'd in Blood his Garments ſhine.
See him glorioufly divine;
On his Hands your Names appear,
Come with me, his Kingdom ſhare.

Rivers of Pleaſure flow
From him for you to know;
You, who for your Saviour mourn;
You, by Blood and Water born;
You, who glad the Word receive;
You, who taught of God believe.

Th' exalted Saviour ſee,
He liv'd and dy'd for thee;
For you he came down from God,
Empty'd all his Veins of Blood;
This, the Lamb for Sinners ſlain,
Guilty Souls, *Behold the Man!*

Come near, ye weary, come,
His Arms ſhall make you Room;
He, the Fruit of Jeſſe's Stem,
Opens you the living Stream;
Jeſus, born of David's Line,
You unto himſelf ſhall join.

Your Folly he ſhall hide,
And bury in his Side;
O come near, his Mercies taſte,
Let your Sins on him be caſt;

Bold, approach, for he ſhall bear
All your Burden; all your Care.

All ye whom Troubles tire,
Who'd reſt from Sin's Deſire,
Jeſus bids you to the Feaſt,
There is your eternal Reſt.
Come with me, and ye ſhall prove
His an everlaſting Love.

HYMN LXII.

Chriſt's Aſcenſion.

HAIL the Day that ſees him riſe,
Raviſh'd from our wiſhful Eyes!
Chriſt, a while to Mortals giv'n,
Re-aſcends his native Heaven.

There the pompous Triumph waits;
"Lift your Heads, eternal Gates!
"Wide unfold the radiant Scene,
"Take the King of Glory in.

Circled round with Angel-Pow'rs,
Their triumphant Lord and ours,
Conqu'ror o'er Death, Hell, and Sin,
Take the King of Glory in.

Him though higheſt Heaven receives,
Still he loves the Earth he leaves;
Though returning to his Throne,
Still he calls Mankind his own.

See, he lifts his Hands above!
See! he ſhews the Prints of Love!
Hark his gracious Lips beſtow
Bleſſings on his Church below.

Still for us he intercedes,
Prevalent his Death he pleads;
Next himſelf prepares our Place,
Harbinger of human Race.

Maſter (will we ever ſay)
Taken from our Head to-day,
See, thy faithful Servants ſee,
Ever gazing up to thee!

Grant, though parted from our Sight,
High above yon azure Height,
Grant our Hearts may thither riſe,
Following thee beyond the Skies.

Ever upward may we move,
Waſted on the Wings of Love,
Looking when our Lord ſhall come,
Longing, gaſping after Home.

There may we with thee remain
Partners of thine endleſs Reign;
There thy Face unclouded ſee,
Find our Heaven of Heavens in thee.

HYMN LXIII.

JESU, ſhew us thy Salvation,
(In thy Strength we ſtrive with thee)
By thy myſtic Incarnation,
By thy pure Nativity:
Save us thou, our new Creator,
Into all our Souls impart
Thy divine and holy Nature,
Form thyſelf within our Heart.

By thy firſt Blood-ſhedding heal us;
Cut us off from ev'ry Sin:
By thy Circumciſion ſeal us,
Write thy Law of Love within.
By thy Spirit circumciſe us,
Kindle in our Hearts a Flame:
By thy Baptiſm baptiſe us
Into all thy glorious Name.

By thy Faſting and Temptation
Mortify our vain Deſires,
Take away what Senſe or Paſſion,
Appetite or Fleſh requires:
Arm us with thy Self-denial,
Every tempted Soul defend;
Save us in the fiery Trial,
Make us faithful to the End.

By thy great and bitter Paſſion,
By thy Suffering on the Tree,
Save us from the Indignation
Due to all Mankind and me:
Hanging, bleeding, panting, dying,
Gaſping out thy lateſt Breath,
By thy precious Death's applying
Save us from eternal Death.

By

By the Pomp of thine aſcending,
Live we hear to Heaven reſtor'd;
Live in Pleaſures never ending,
Share the Portion of our Lord:
Let us have our Converſation
With the bleſſed Sp'rits above;
Sav'd with all thy great Salvation,
Perfectly renew'd in Love.

HYMN LXIV.

For his Majeſty King GEORGE, and Royal Family.

LORD, thou haſt bid thy People pray
For all that bear the ſov'reign Sway,
And thy Vicegerents reign;
Rulers, and Governours, and Powers:
And lo! in Faith we pray for ours;
Nor can we pray in vain.

Jeſus, thy choſen Servant guard,
And every threat'ning Danger ward
From his anointed Head;
Bid all his Griefs and Troubles ceaſe,
And thro' the Paths of heavenly Peace
To Life eternal lead.

Cover his Enemies with Shame,
Defeat their dire malicious Aim,
Their baffled Hopes deſtroy;
But ſhower on him thy Bleſſings down;
Crown him with Grace, with Glory crown,
And everlaſting Joy.

In hoary Hairs be thou his God,
Late may he ſeek that high Abode,
Late to his Heaven remove;
Of Virtues full, and happy Days,
Accounted worthy by thy Grace,
To fill a Throne above.

And when thou doſt his Sp'rit receive,
O give him in his Offspring, give
Us back our King again;
Preſerve them, Providence divine,
And let the long-illuſtrious Line
To lateſt Ages reign.

Secure us of his royal Race
A Man to ſtand before thy Face,
And exerciſe thy Power;
With Wealth, Proſperity, and Peace,
Our Nation and our Church to bleſs,
Till Time ſhall be no more.

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Veni Creator.
Hymnus. 1. c. M
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